Racism and the Three K's

DC December 8, 1960 25¢

The Case Against Electoral Reform

THE REPORTER

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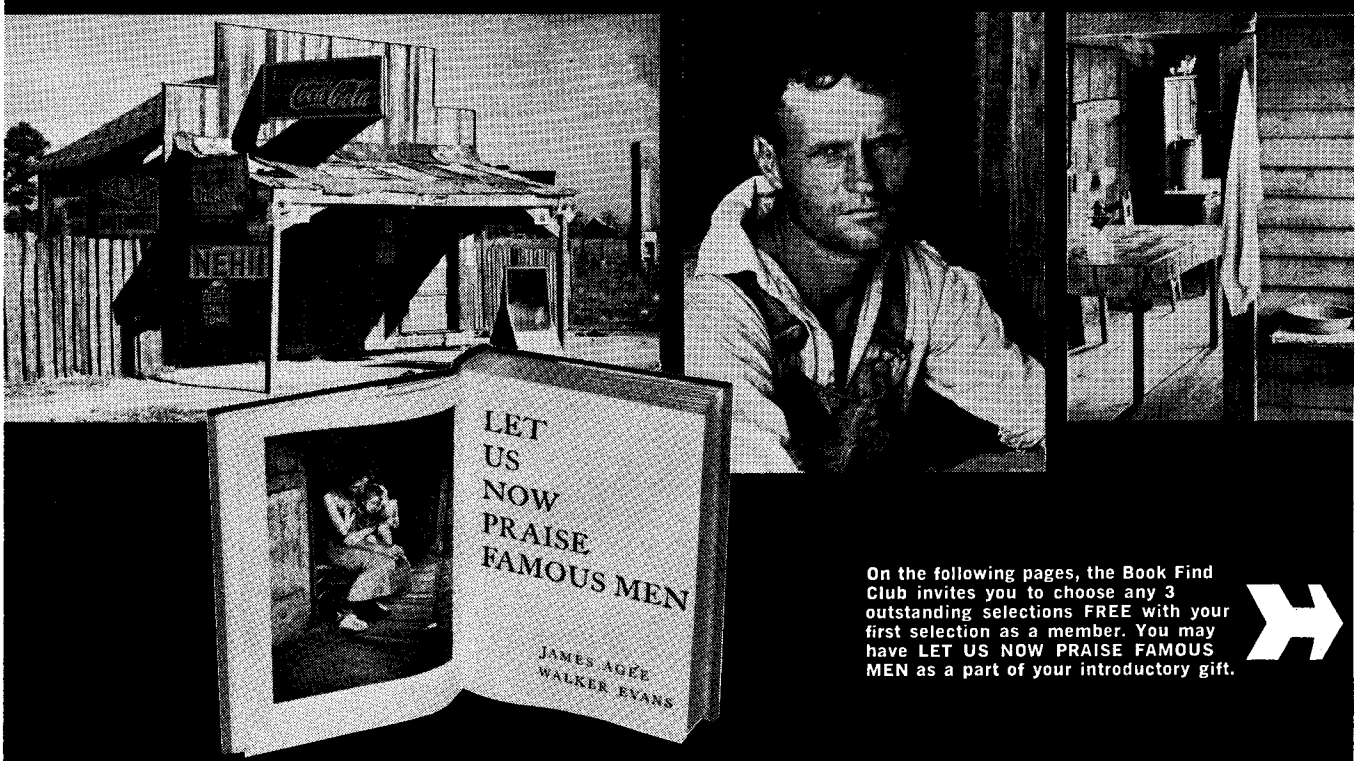

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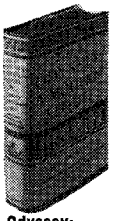

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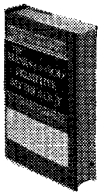

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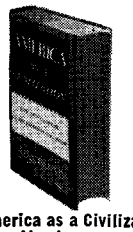

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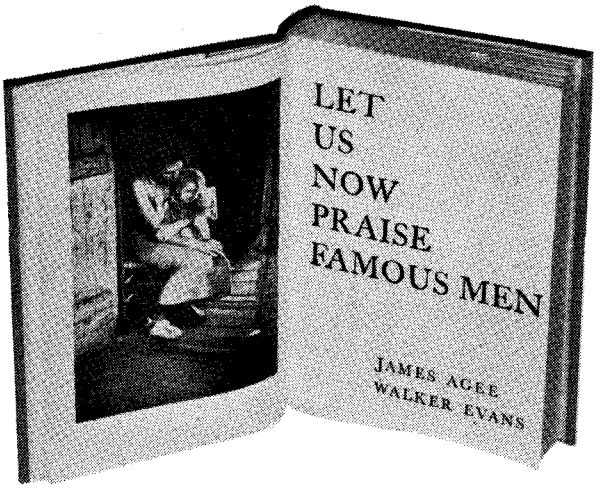

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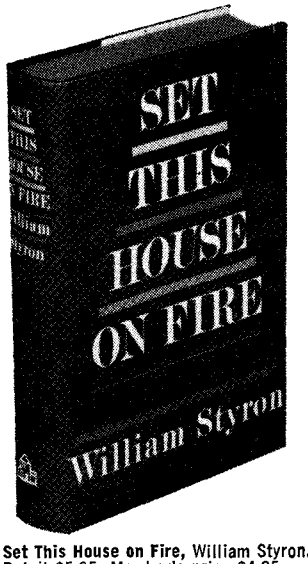

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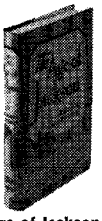

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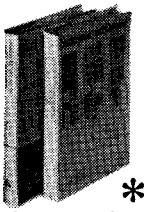

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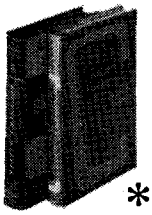

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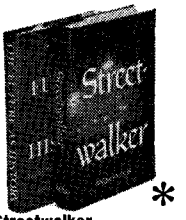

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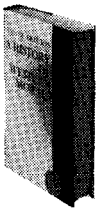

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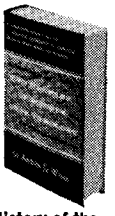

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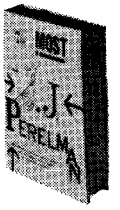

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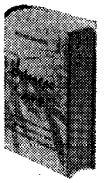

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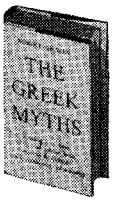

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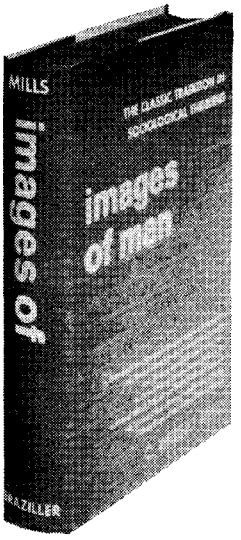

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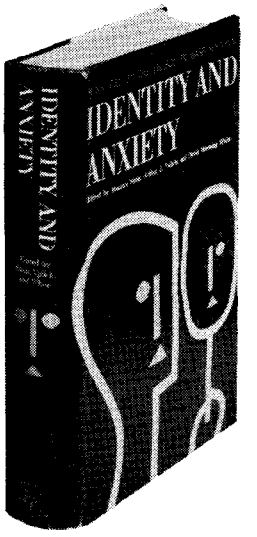

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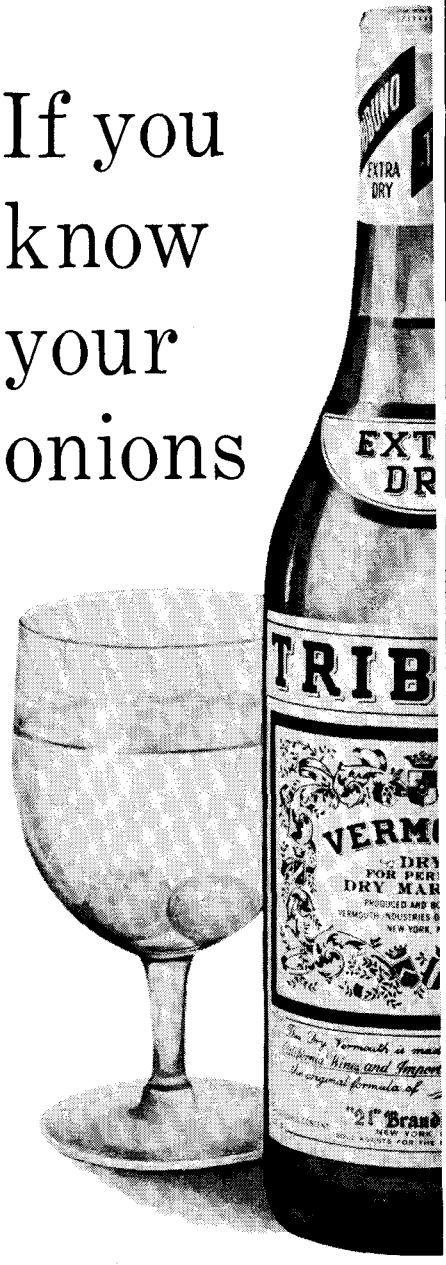

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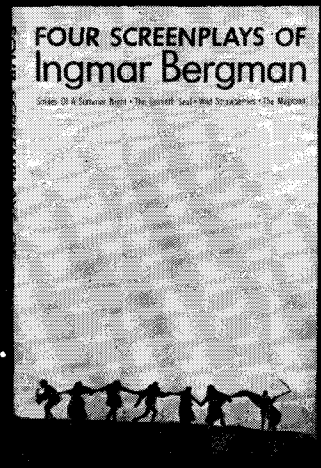

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE UGLY FIGHT over segregation in our schools is with us again. Again we are haunted by pictures similar to the ones that came out of Little Rock three years ago: Negro children escorted to school by marshals and yowled at by mobs. Again we feel a sickening certainty that pictures like these are going to be carried in the newspapers of the world on both sides of the Iron Curtain—and particularly on the other side. At present the major focus of disturbance is New Orleans, where a cleavage exists between that cosmopolitan, highly cultured, and economically thriving community and the rest of the state. **George Sherman** is Washington correspondent for the *Observer* of London. . . . Segregation is proving an expensive proposition in Virginia. **William L. Rivers,** a member of our Washington staff, reports on the unforeseen effects of the state's tuition-grant law, which last year cost the economy-minded Old Dominion $1,030,000. . . . It sometimes happens that the specter of a new Little Rock is evoked in most unlikely situations. Recently the citizens of New Rochelle, New York, were accused of fostering "school segregation as bad as any in Alabama or Arkansas." **Mel Elfin,** an assistant editor at *Newsweek*, investigates the charge and comes to the conclusion that the man who made it, a young Negro lawyer, might have used his talents more profitably elsewhere.

THE CLOSENESS of the popular vote in last month's election gives us cause once again to thank Providence for the farsighted wisdom of our country's Founding Fathers in finding a working compromise between the majority principle and the need for stable government. Unfortunately, there are some who will undoubtedly seize upon the election tabulations as a reason for reviving proposals for electoral reform. Our opinion on the subject was expressed in the editorial of our last issue. We shall follow with keen interest such new proposals as may be made. Particularly we anticipate that phase in the Senate debate when some of the reformers will suggest that the inequity of having two U.S. senators from each state irrespective of size should be corrected. We will be very happy to hear the opinion on this subject of, say, Senator Mansfield of Montana. **Anthony Lewis** is a Washington correspondent for the New York *Times*. . . . **Marvin Kalb,** a CBS correspondent in Moscow, reports with his wife, **Madeleine,** a Soviet expert in her own right, on Russian reactions to our Presidential election. . . . **Marya Mannes** contributes the sixth in a series of articles on New York. . . . The federal court in Karlsruhe, West Germany, as **Daniel Schorr** comments, handles espionage cases almost as casually as an American traffic court handles parking violations. People in a divided country are likely to be exposed to the danger of divided allegiances. Mr. Schorr, CBS correspondent in Germany and Central Europe, discusses the irksome consequences of this division.

AMERICAN newspapers are increasingly under fire—for their failure to inform, for their editorial vacuum, for the chain-store approach of their publishers, and so on. **Louis M. Lyons,** curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard, analyzes these criticisms and discusses some possible solutions to the monopolistic mediocrity that besets most of our daily press. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** co-editor of *Jazz Review*, writes about Sam ("Lightnin'") Hopkins, one of the last of the line of country-reared blues singers, and about a dying tradition. . . . **Hilton Kramer,** editor of *Arts*, has high praise for the Detroit Institute of Arts' current exhibition of Flemish painting. . . . **Pamela Hansford Johnson's** most recent book is *The Humbler Creation* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Alfred Kazin** reviews the good life in Greenwich Village. . . . **Elizabeth Hardwick** is the editor of a collection of the letters of William James which will be published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy next spring. . . . **George Steiner's** *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* will soon be issued by Knopf as a Vintage paperback.

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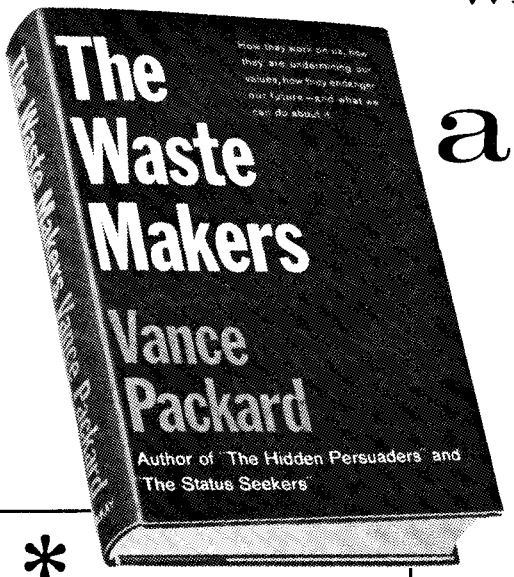

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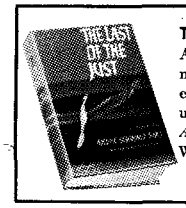

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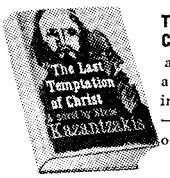

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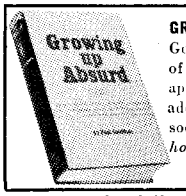

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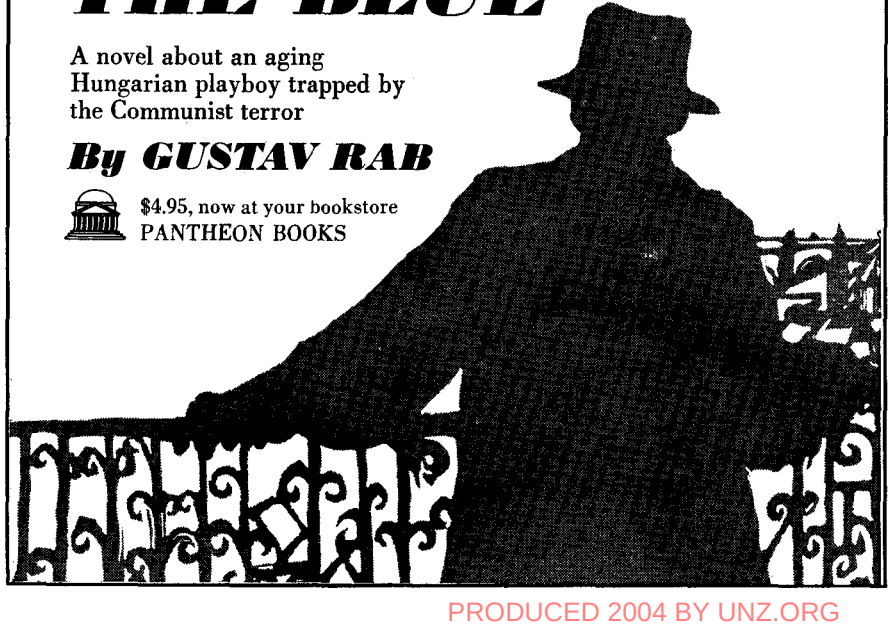

CORRESPONDENCE

TV'S 'GREAT DEBATE'

To the Editor: Democracy would be a fine thing, Max Ascoli is saying in his November 10 editorial ("Intermezzo"), if only it weren't for the people. "The very fact of arousing the interest of millions," he writes of the televised debates, "further lowers the level of campaign oratory that is usually not too high when each candidate performs solo."

I am hard put to reconcile Mr. Ascoli's low opinion of the people—which informs his whole baronial essay—with his naïvely high estimate of the level of campaign oratory. Can he offer a single example of campaign oratory by the Messrs. Kennedy or Nixon substantively superior to their utterances during the "Great Debate"? Can he suggest how or where as many as 60 million people can be exposed to any more informative or reliable representation of the candidates' views and personalities? Would he not concede that, without the "Great Debate," they would have had considerably less to go on as voters? Might he even admit that his touching "constant concern" for the credulity of the millions in Mr. Nixon's piety was more than they (and Mr. Nixon) deserved?

Mr. Ascoli lets the candidates off far too easily when he suggests that "the fault" was more with the medium and the formula than with them. Actually, the formula was adopted at the insistence of the candidates themselves; the representatives of the medium had proposed a traditional form of debate or, as an alternative, a format in which the candidates would question each other. The repetition that Mr. Ascoli rightly deplores (it is deplorable but inevitable in all political campaigns) was again the candidates' doing; it was most notable in their opening and closing statements on the fourth broadcast. Don't blame it on the medium, however; Ed Murrow, Chet Huntley, and others manage to stay on the air for a whole hour without repeating themselves.

It was good of Mr. Ascoli to note television's "extraordinary potency" as an entertainment medium. This passing tribute makes a neat companion piece to Miss Mannes's customary concession to television's potency as an informational medium when she pans its entertainment.

Certainly the technique of the "Great Debates" could have been, and should be, improved. One way, which for some curious reason eluded Douglass Cater in his article on the debates ("Notes from Backstage") in the same issue, would be to eliminate the questioning newsmen, or at least improve most of them. Since Mr. Cater was on one of the panels, perhaps his oversight can be put down to that intramural graciousness known as "dog don't eat dog." Clearly Mr. Cater believes that sixty million voters can't be right—or at least

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In a few short years, television has joined the traditions of Christmas—and created some of its own. Again, the message and meaning, the sights and sounds of the holiday season will go out to millions through local and network holiday programs like those below.

VENITE ADOREMUS DOMINUM . . .

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day Services: from cathedrals and churches around the country. Saturday and Sunday, December 24-25.

AND GLORY SHONE AROUND . . .

"The Coming of Christ": The world's art treasures illuminate the Christmas story. Wednesday, December 21 (8:30-9:00 PM).

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE . . .

"Amahl and the Night Visitors": A classic returns to enrich the Christmas season—the beautiful opera of Gian-Carlo Menotti. Sunday, December 25 (4-5 PM).

TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER . . .

"Golden Child": An original Christmas opera that dramatizes a conflict of love and gold, with Patricia Neway and Jerome Hines. Friday, December 16 (8:30-10 PM).

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS . . .

"From All of Us to All of You": Walt Disney and stars (Snow White, Tinker Bell, Pinocchio, and others) make merry. Sunday, December 25 (6:30-7:30 PM).

'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY . . .

"The Wizard of Oz": A masterpiece of fantasy and humor—the MGM movie starring Judy Garland. Sunday, December 11 (6-8 PM).

DECK THE HALLS . . .

A new production of "Peter Pan"—Sir James M. Barrie's classic—with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Thursday, December 8 (7:30-9:30 PM).

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD . . .

Marian Anderson and Leonard Bernstein in "Christmas Startime"—a program of the best-loved music of the season. Sunday, December 25 (5-6 PM).

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFIC
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In December

OTHER PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"Born a Giant"
Drama of the turbulent early career of Andrew Jackson.
Friday, December 2 (9-10 PM)

"The Combat Deepens"
World War II: Germany invades Norway and the Low Countries; Winston Churchill becomes Prime Minister.
Sunday, December 4 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Red and the Black"
A study of the influence of communism on new countries of Africa.
Wednesday, December 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Working Mother"
The problems facing the job-holding woman with young children.
Thursday, December 8 (4-5 PM)

"Featherbedding"
Study of a widespread industry practice.
Friday, December 9 (10:30-11 PM)

"Yul Brynner's Odyssey"
The representative of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees visits camps in Europe and the Middle East.
Saturday, December 10 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"Dunkirk"
Defeat and rescue of the British forces; Churchill offers "blood, toil, tears, and sweat."
Sunday, December 11 (10:30-11 PM)

"Survivors of the Ice Age"
A tribe of Laplanders drives reindeer herd 100 perilous miles to the coast.
Tuesday, December 13 (7-7:30 PM)

"The Berliners: Life in a Gilded Cage."
How 2,500,000 West Berliners live and view the future. On-the-scene report.
Sunday, December 18 (6:30-7 PM)

"The French Agony"
The fall of France. Churchill orders the French fleet at Oran destroyed.
Sunday, December 18 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Last of the Arctic Nomads"
Visit to a winter camp of Lapps, the Mongolese tribesmen who have roamed Scandinavia for 12,000 years.
Tuesday, December 20 (7-7:30 PM)

"Take One with You"
Britain girds for invasion; Churchill meets with FDR: the 50-destroyer deal and lend-lease.
Sunday, December 25 (10:30-11 PM)

"The Great Holiday Massacre"
Graphic illustration and analysis of America's highway safety problems.
Thursday, December 29 (10-11 PM)

"Year-End Roundup"
An analysis of the important news events of 1960.
Friday, December 30 (9-10 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Television Workshop
	College News Conference
	Chet Huntley Reporting
	Meet the Press
	The Twentieth Century
	Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Mondays:	Face the Nation
Tuesdays:	Expedition
Thursdays:	Person to Person
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Consult local papers for times and programming details.*

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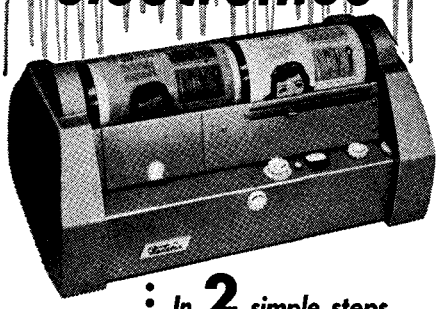

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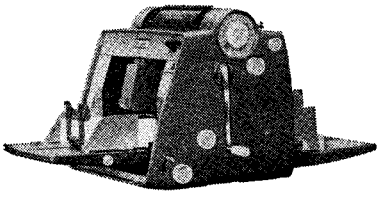

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are incapable of sharing some of his own perceptions of the debates at first hand. Or possibly, like other journalists (Mr. Ascoli, too?), he is irked by television's facile way of eliminating the middlemen in communicating the most important developments of the 1960 campaign. It is not an unusual psychological complaint that nags them—only a sort of pencil envy.

Mr. Cater is mistaken about the exchanges during what he opaquely describes as "three-power conferences at the Waldorf." At that stage of the negotiations, representatives of both candidates agreed there would be three to five encounters, and contrary to Mr. Cater's unattributed report, it was Mr. Nixon's Fred Scribner who thought five might be a good number. I was in the room at the time. One thing you have to hand those televised debates: they're so visible and audible they make it hard to get away with sloppy reporting.

LESTER BERNSTEIN
Vice President
National Broadcasting Company, Inc.
New York

Demagoguery, I gather from the angry letter of an NBC vice-president, has found in TV its chosen medium: the mere suggestion that there may be a relationship between an audience in the tens of millions and the kindergarten level of a show is an insult to Their Majesties the People. According to Mr. Bernstein, there is little difference between an information program, performed by such superb technicians as Ed Murrow or Chet Huntley, and a debate between two politicians seeking the Presidency. The size of audiences and what the performers demand of them seem to be of no concern to Mr. Bernstein. I suppose that in his opinion, Kennedy was as good facing Nixon in the Great Debate as when he answered the Protestant ministers in Houston.

This kind of highhanded obtuseness, the belief that the larger the audience the better the show, that TV can do anything, just anything—sell, entertain, convince—all this, I am afraid, shows that there are much bigger troubles with the networks than dependence on advertising agencies or overreliance on ratings.

—M.A.

To the Editor: We may well, with Douglass Cater ("Notes from Backstage"), question whether the "Great Debate" on TV has helped to clarify issues or whether "they [the viewers] come any closer to a knowledge of their candidates." Yet I am afraid this particular institution is here to stay, for better or worse.

If for no other, then for economic reasons—it is much easier on the campaign chests of the parties than paid TV time. Then too, it commands a far wider audience than a one-sided political speech ever could.

There will undoubtedly be changes

Christmas Fare for Liberal Tastes

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in setup and procedure, but again, I fear, not in the direction of deepening debate and clarifying issues. On the contrary, the urge to "project an image," to play up—or rather down—to the wide audiences, will become irresistible. The actor will defeat the thoughtful man.

Another point: the "Great Debate" may well have been the primary reason for the record size of the vote, may well have mobilized again the millions of nonvoters whom an earlier *Reporter* article had prematurely relegated to limbo after the Eisenhower elections. As long as we value the quantity of the vote, regardless of how well informed or how motivated, we cannot very well expect or wish such a "stimulating" institution to disappear.

GEORGE ECKSTEIN
Manhasset, New York

To the Editor: I am at a loss to understand your blanket criticism of the Kennedy-Nixon TV debates. To be sure, there were faults—repetition, time limitations, canned questions and answers, etc. But an accumulation of faults does not render the debates worthless, any more than an accumulation of strikeouts made Babe Ruth a poor hitter.

In my judgment the debates supplied prime data for estimating the character and competence of the candidates. We saw them objectively, without benefit of admiring crowds, watched them respond to pressure, and observed their mental processes and attitudes toward each other. We listened to their arguments and their organization of facts; we were enabled to penetrate beneath political façade to underlying motive. We experienced the candidates as they were—concerned, self-possessed, articulate, resourceful, resolute.

Another factor makes me well satisfied with the debates. It is the physical impossibility of the candidates' campaigning everywhere. Neither Senator Kennedy nor Vice-President Nixon came to Canton, yet I felt as close to them as if they had spoken together from the Town Hall steps.

DAVID B. PARKE
Canton, New York

TOUGH ENOUGH

To the Editor: I suppose ere now, you have had the number of errors in Acrostickler No. 19 (*The Reporter*, November 10) called to your attention: getting the tenth letter too close to the crosshatched cut, so that C102 comes out C10, and E146 comes out E14; omitting the definition for 119 down, answer being LESS THAN; and the altogether brilliant removing of the final S from MORES and adding it to JOTS AND TITTLES, so that the latter rhymes with WITLESS. This makes for a flatness, as it were. Keep the puzzles difficult, but a word to the wise is always appreciated.

HARRY OBER
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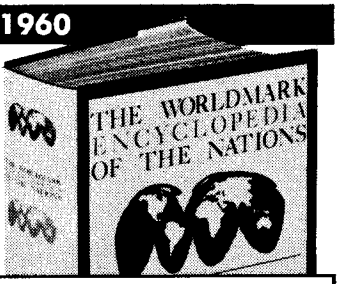

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Lean Presidency

It may seem a strange pursuit for Kennedy to start off the process of strengthening the Presidency by whittling away at the President's office. But it is a good beginning. The word is that Kennedy plans to cut down drastically on White House personnel, starting with the position of *The* Assistant to the President that was once so conspicuously filled by Sherman Adams.

The President-elect is also giving favorable consideration to a study issued the other day by Senator Henry M. Jackson's Special Committee to Study National Policy Machinery. In unambiguous language the Jackson group turned back a flood of proposals for beefing up the government with a First Secretary, a superstaff for national security, and other "super" positions attached to the Executive Office. The study also makes a pointed thrust at the proposal put forth by the Republican Presidential candidate during the campaign that the Vice-President be given responsibilities for "coordinating and directing" the nonmilitary aspects of foreign policy. "Any attempt to make the Vice-President a kind of Deputy President for Foreign Affairs would be to give the wrong man the wrong job," declares the Jackson study. A Vice-President, it is pointed out, cannot be fired when he fails to carry out assignments to the President's satisfaction.

All in all, there is evidence that the traditionally patronage-minded Democrats are doing some good hard thinking about how to keep the government lean and tough, especially in its upper reaches. Paradoxically, it was the economy-minded Eisenhower régime that allowed the Executive Office to grow swollen with special assistants and interdepartmental committee staffs. Much ballyhoo has been written about these higher reaches of bureaucracy to the effect that they have added push-button efficiency to our strategy making. But it just so happened that last May 5, when Khrushchev sprang the U-2 crisis, the National Security Council was sitting in solemn session but failed to put the matter on the agenda. There is always this danger that highly institutionalized "superstaffs" get so involved in their own make-work that they fail to deal with issues that cannot be postponed.

A President needs help and plenty of it, especially President-elect Kennedy, who will inherit problems, both known and unknown, that have for too long been covered up. The one help he has already given himself is a clear realization that the Presidency is a job for a man and not for a bureaucratic machine.

Gold Bricks

In a major economic speech on October 20, Mr. Nixon warned that Senator Kennedy's policies were inviting a gold crisis. On the same day speculators, now said to have been largely Americans, drove the price of gold on the London market—where it is not pegged—to a sudden and spectacular $40.60 an ounce (from which it has since slid down closer to the $35 at which we support it).

Four days later, at Pittsburgh, Mr. Nixon tagged the fears aroused by his opponent's "ill-considered" pro-

ON THE FAIRWAY

Youth, take over, Beauty, reign,
  Laughter, fill the White House–
Let wit and spirit, like champagne,
  Bubble in a bright house.

Lovely women, lend allure
  To history amaking,
Let radiant investiture
  Proclaim the nation's waking.

But may the herald of this dawn
Refrain from putting on the lawn!

—SEC

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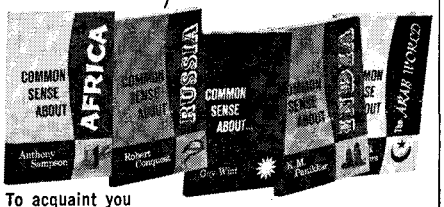

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posals as a "major contributing factor" in gold speculation. A Republican administration, he vowed, would maintain a sound dollar and preserve the good credit of America. "Our economy is strong and the dollar is strong," he declared. On October 28, at a Republican rally, President Eisenhower chimed in: "As another example of unwise politicking, I call attention to the recent speculations in gold on the London market. Today your dollar is still the strongest currency in the world. We can keep it that way if we continue to hold firmly to the right policies. . . ."

Some of the American G.I.s abroad who voted Republican will have ample time on their hands to think over their decision after they have put their families on ships and planes taking them back to the States. They will wonder why the dollar, which was so strong a few days before the election, became so weak a few days after the election that they were asked to make a major personal sacrifice to help save it.

Of course, our imbalance of payments and gold losses predate not only the election campaign but even the Democratic convention. Indeed, Treasury Secretary Anderson has been quietly battling for over a year to reduce our foreign personnel. We do not question the propriety of the recent measures, though we suspect that by themselves they will not be adequate. Nor would we risk saying that they would have made much difference if they had been taken six months ago. Not much difference to the dollar but a major difference, perhaps, to the campaign.

The return of calm to the London gold market indicates that both the Europeans and the Americans who play in that market do not follow Mr. Nixon or President Eisenhower in the belief that the new administration will suffer from an addiction to willfully unbalanced budgets, frivolously low interest rates, and rampant inflation.

Solution to

THE REPORTER Puzzle #20

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Acrostician—
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Candid Camera

Friendship University—for the "children of workers" of Asia, Latin America, and Africa, according to Khrushchev—was opened up just a couple of weeks ago in Moscow. But we are already familiar with some of its advantages. Last July, Theophilus Okonkwo, a medical student from Nigeria, was exercising in the gym of Moscow University, which was the temporary welcoming point for these African "children of workers." Someone took a picture of him in a boxing pose. In August, Mr. Okonkwo happened to see a copy of *New Times* which reproduced the picture, plus some broken chains on his wrists and a white man with a whip falling back in terror. This picture, he learned, had been distributed throughout the world. Mr. Okonkwo's protests to the Soviet authorities were to no avail.

They Lisped in Numbers

"Computer Experts to Conduct Public Post Mortem of Election Battle of Electronic Brains," promised a press release from the Washington chapter of the Association of Computing Machinery, and more than three hundred of the curious, presumably knowledgeable about base-line projections and binary mathematics, gathered to hear descriptions of the clash of RCA's 501, IBM's 7090, and Remington Rand's Univac.

Dr. Eugene Lindstrom of IBM, whose computer had performed for CBS, had to account for the fact that his machine had projected a Nixon victory during the early hours of election night. He did his explaining artfully, facing up to disaster and reporting triumph in a single sentence: "There was certainly no great elation at IBM that we were first on

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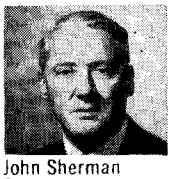
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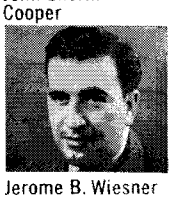
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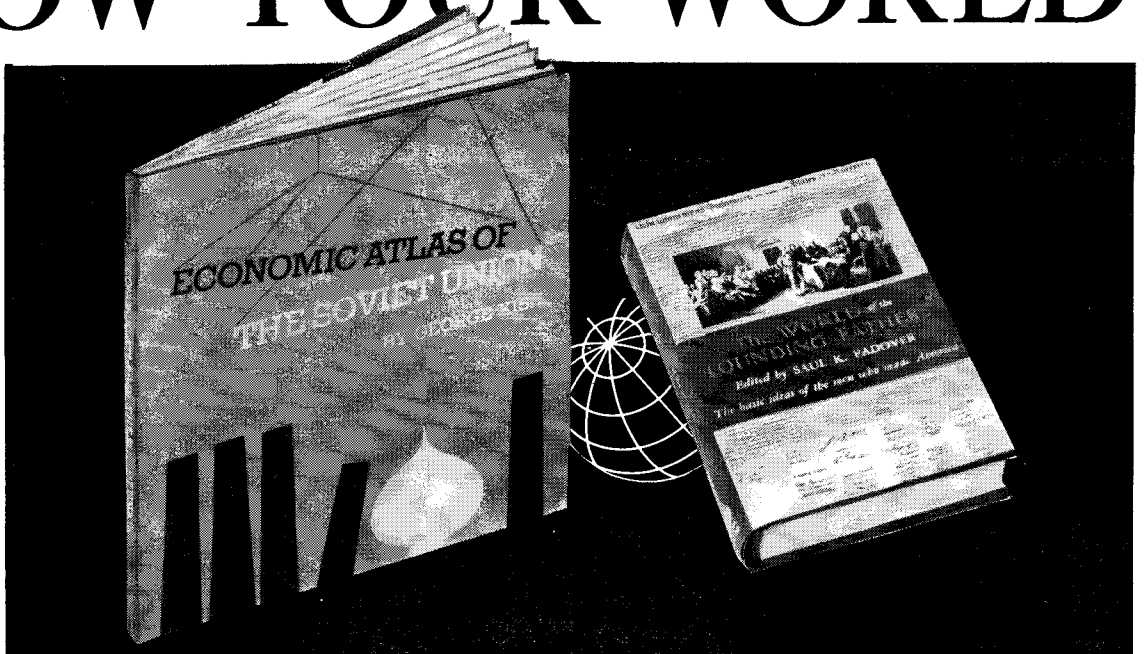

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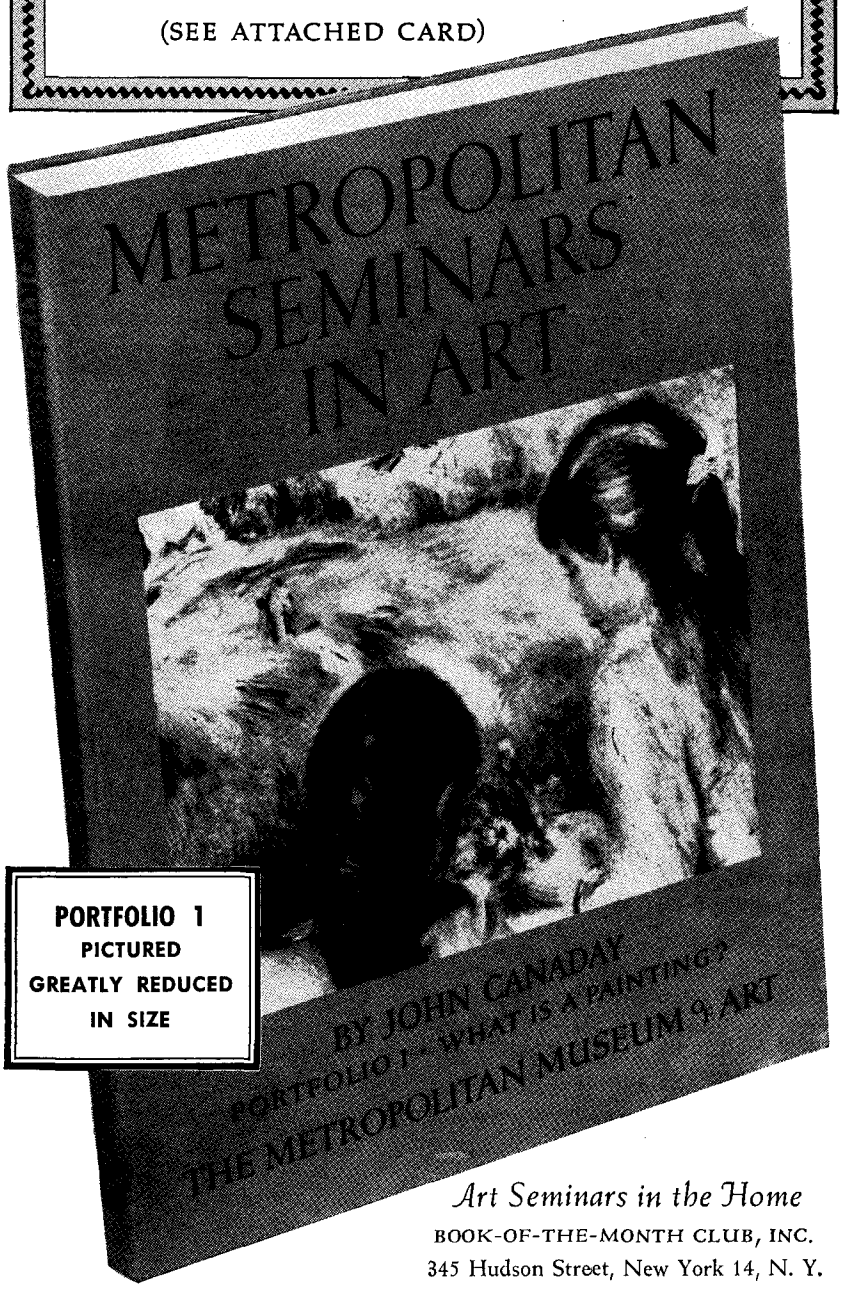

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the air with a Kennedy prediction or that we were second on the air with a Nixon prediction." In point of fact, IBM was the first to project a Kennedy victory only after having followed Univac with an erroneous projection. Dr. Lindstrom made the error seem to be all part of a plan. "We wanted to show how the computer would home in on the eventual winner," he announced.

The Univac brain, which worked for ABC, had also "homed in" after its Nixon prediction, switching, then showing an even-odds proposition before settling down for the night with Kennedy. Stephen Wright, the Univac spokesman, was disarmingly cheerful about it all, and even revealed with a chuckle that Univac had made another Nixon projection after the first one but couldn't get it on the air because ABC was then showing a high-priority program, "Huckleberry Hound." Thanks to "The Rifleman," which took over after "Huckleberry Hound," Univac never did get on the air again until its odds were favoring Kennedy. Univac's derangement, like IBM's, was caused by the early returns. "Unfortunately," Wright said, "we needed widely scattered early returns. But we got Kansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky at the first. This is why we predicted a Nixon victory."

Mr. Wright was amiably self-critical most of the time, but he suggested that Univac's deliberations had been disturbed because "a lot of bad information comes over the Teletype services." A UPI editor who happened to be present became irate. "*We* knew those early returns were mostly Kansas, and we said so; why didn't the machines know?," he demanded. Wright explained that Univac had been fed a *national* model of the election and couldn't compensate for reports from a few lopsided precincts.

Since the RCA 501, working for NBC, had projected a Kennedy victory from the beginning, its spokesman, Dr. Jack Moshman, had nothing to apologize for. He gloated a bit over his competitors, suggesting that the RCA 501 didn't even need election returns. Beginning on Sunday before the election, the machine was fed a carefully controlled "sociological model" of the election, including poll results, demographic data on key precincts, voting habits, and subjective judgments by election experts. Before a single vote was cast, the RCA 501 gave the election to Kennedy with a forecast that was closer to the outcome than most of the election-night predictions: 50.4 per cent of the popular vote and 291 electoral votes.

The point Dr. Moshman was actually making seemed fairly clear. Despite their marvelous facility for mathematical computations, the machines can be no smarter than the men who feed them. It was a point, however, that evidently escaped the businessman who telephoned RCA the day after the election and asserted, "I want to buy the one that was never wrong on television."

These Things Were Said

¶KENNEDY IS IN—THE FIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN. . . . What can you do? 1. Buy Goldwater pins, buttons, bumper strips, and color portraits to identify yourself with all those who want to support Goldwater during the coming 'Hundred Days' . . . . 2. Organize a Resistance Movement in your Community. . . . Resist Socialism. Resist the 'Hundred Days.' It is in the American tradition for patriots to call together their friends when a crisis like the Kennedy Revolution confronts the American people. . . . Make HUMAN EVENTS the major item on your Christmas Gift List.—*Human Events.*

¶*The Great Depression* is the story of what happened to millions of Americans when the Wall Street disaster of October, 1929, became the disaster of Main Street everywhere. . . . A Philadelphia relief official telling a Senate subcommittee of a family going without food two days until the father finally found something for them to live on—dandelions. . . . 10,000 unemployed Americans desperately applying for 6,000 jobs open in Russia. . . . Hundreds of women of good character but homeless, sleeping in Chicago's lakefront parks. . . . The discovery of a woman and her teenage daughter in a Connecticut woods, where they had lived for five days on wild berries and apples. . . . This is a book . . . which may be of tremendous motivational value to life insurance agents. . . . *Review in The Insurance Salesman.*

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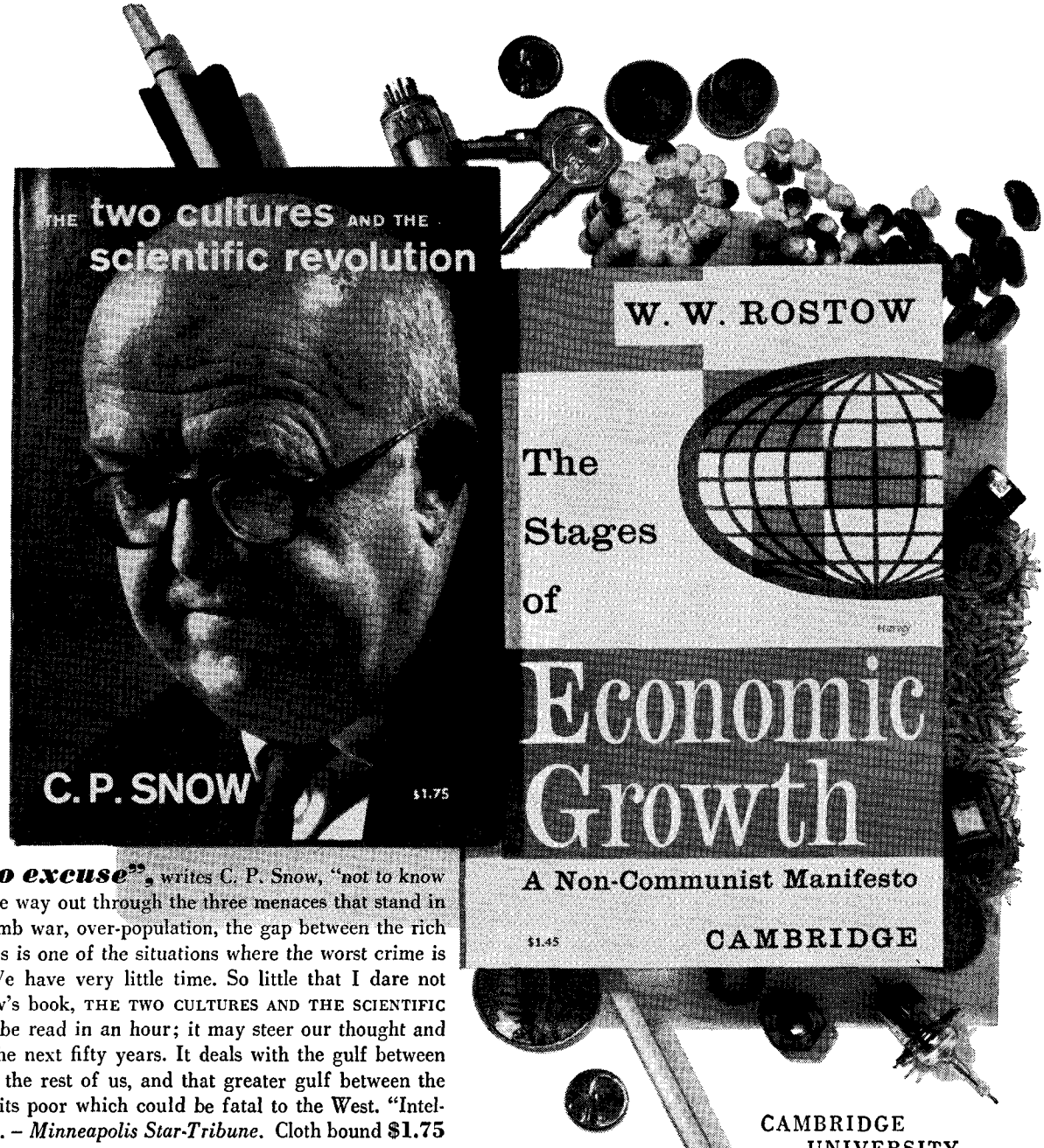

"There is no excuse", writes C. P. Snow, "not to know that this is the one way out through the three menaces that stand in our way — H-bomb war, over-population, the gap between the rich and the poor. This is one of the situations where the worst crime is innocence . . . We have very little time. So little that I dare not guess at it". Snow's book, THE TWO CULTURES AND THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION, can be read in an hour; it may steer our thought and our action over the next fifty years. It deals with the gulf between the scientists and the rest of us, and that greater gulf between the world's rich and its poor which could be fatal to the West. "Intellectual dynamite". – *Minneapolis Star-Tribune.* Cloth bound **$1.75**

"A shaft of lightning through the murky mass of events which is the stuff of history", so writes the *New York Times Book Review* on Walt Rostow's book, THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH. Rostow believes that Karl Marx asked some pretty good questions but came up with the wrong answers. Here he presents a non-communist Manifesto — facts and figures to show an alternative to the Marxian theory of history. "The most dynamic book on economics I have read in years". – *A. A. Berle, Saturday Review.* Cloth $3.75, Paper **$1.45**

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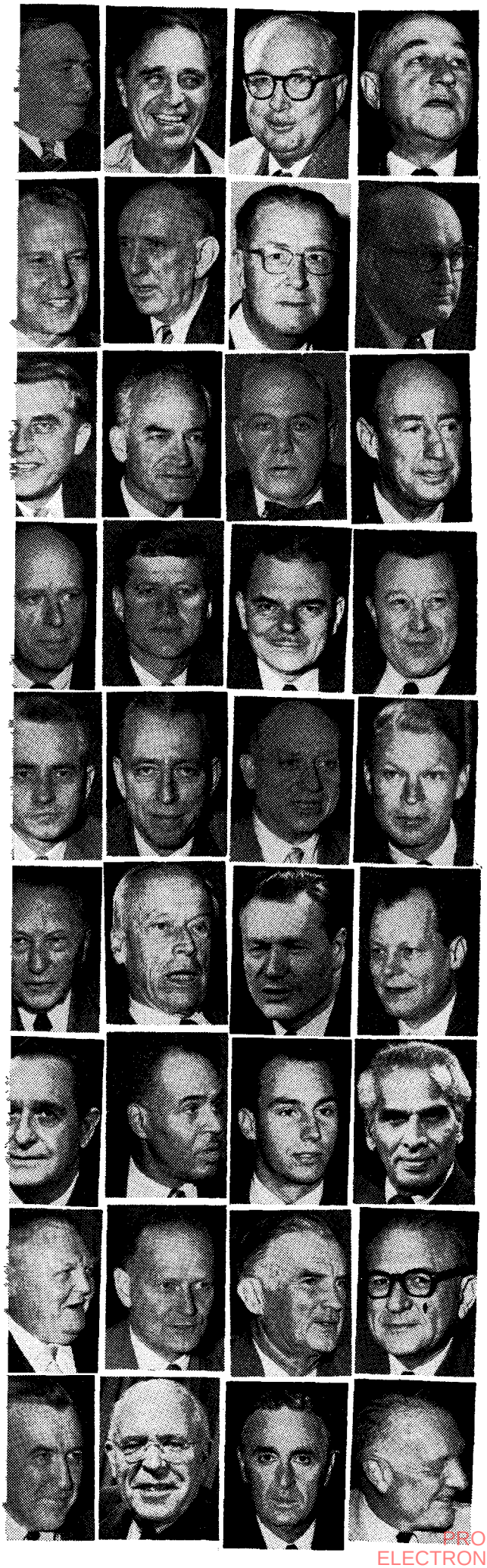

The Face Is Familiar

Scarcely more than a glance is needed to recognize these pictures as the collective face of leadership throughout the world.

Over the past six years these faces, and many others like them, have become a familiar sight to millions of American families who have watched them being interviewed each week on the CBS Television Network's notable public affairs program FACE THE NATION.

In a series of historic interviews FACE THE NATION gave Americans their first view of Premier Khrushchev in the Kremlin, President Nasser in his office in the Kubbeh Palace and Prime Minister Nehru in his home in New Delhi—an occasion that inspired *The Christian Science Monitor* to remark: "Some events and ideas can be conveyed by TV as no newspaper or magazine can hope to convey them...We only wish there were more programs like CBS's 'Face The Nation' interview..."

You can be sure there will be more. In line with the network's continuing effort to present the great issues and personalities of the day to ever-increasing audiences, FACE THE NATION is currently being broadcast in peak viewing time. It is presented on two out of three consecutive Monday nights at 10:30 pm EST, enabling the network's affiliated stations to offer a similar type of program on the third Monday.

It will reveal the face of leadership during the 1960's—the character and quality of those men and women who will leave their mark on the present decade and, in leaving it, alter the course of our lives. There will be no better place to keep an eye on them than FACE THE NATION.

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The Nightmare Comes to New Orleans

GEORGE SHERMAN

NEW ORLEANS

ONCE AGAIN we have seen the frightened faces of Negro children as they walk to the doors of public schools through jeering white mobs. By now the spectacle has become a recurrent nightmare in the South. Yet although the elements of personal tragedy for both races are the same, the crisis over school integration in New Orleans is different in several important respects from those we have seen in other cities.

For one thing, the frightened children are not high-school students—as they were in Little Rock, Arkansas, and Clinton, Tennessee—but four tiny first-grade girls. For another thing, although this is the first time school integration has been tried in the Deep South, New Orleans itself is anything but typical of that region. Waves of immigrants in the old French-Creole city have made the country's second most important seaport one of its most cosmopolitan urban centers. Negroes and whites have lived side by side in New Orleans for many decades, and in the last few years the Jim Crow barrier has been removed with scarcely a hitch in the city's busses and parks.

But as far as school integration is concerned, the principal difference between this city and the rural areas to the north lies in how far the people are willing to go to preserve segregation. Back in 1952, two years before the Supreme Court decision on desegregation, the Orleans Parish school board tried to take steps to maintain the separation of races in New Orleans public schools. By August of this year, four out of five members of that board had decided that the time had come for compromise.

ON August 26 a three-judge Federal court declared a new "segregation package" of state laws unconstitutional, told Governor Jimmie H. Davis to keep his hands off New Orleans schools, and ordered the local school board to proceed with integration. Several days later, Federal Judge J. Skelly Wright gave the board until Monday, November 14, to comply.

It is clear that a majority of the citizens were willing at this point to settle for some form of "token integration" in order to keep the schools open. Two white parents' groups, Save Our Schools (SOS) and the Committee for Public Education, gained the endorsement of leading civic organizations and, in varying degrees, of the press. Against the die-hard opposition of only one member, the president of the school board,

Lloyd Rittiner, and three other members worked out a complicated "Pupil Placement Plan" that allowed just enough Negro first-graders into just enough schools to satisfy the requirements of the Federal courts.

The electorate in effect endorsed this plan on Election Day, November 8, six days before integration was to go into effect. The election of a school-board member became almost as heated as the Presidential race, and Matthew Sutherland, who pledged to keep the schools open with or without segregation, was re-elected to the board by a clear majority. His 55,000 votes were more than the combined total of three segregationist candidates who would have closed city schools rather than accept any form of integration. The board considered the outcome a mandate to defy attempted interference from the state.

States' Rights and Home Rule

But the decision of the voters was ignored in Baton Rouge, eighty-five miles north along the superhighway Huey and Earl Long built through desolate bayous and swampland. Governor Davis had already summoned a special session of the state legislature, and the state leaders were in no mood for compromise. With about ten minutes' warning on November 4, the state house of representatives was presented with another "segregation package" of twenty-nine bills. Four days later all twenty-nine bills had been pushed through both houses of the legislature.

Two days after that, on November 10, Judge Wright firmly reasserted the power of the Federal courts. He restrained the legislative committee that had been set up under the new laws from interfering with New Orleans schools. The "segregation package" was thus set aside, and the local school board proceeded with integration plans. As the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* was quick to remark: "It seems to us that the Federal courts can knock out, as unconstitutional, laws enacted by the Louisiana legislature just as fast as those laws are enacted—if there is obvious evidence that the laws were enacted to circumvent the decision of the United States Supreme Court ordering integration of the public schools."

But the governor was not deterred.

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He summoned a second extraordinary session for November 13, the Sunday before integration was to begin. This time the legislature had even less time to debate. In rapid-fire order that evening, it passed several more resolutions. The legislators put themselves, 140 men strong, in charge of New Orleans schools; dismissed the New Orleans superintendent of schools, Dr. James F. Redmond; appointed special "sergeants at arms" to guard each school against integration; and declared a state-wide school holiday for the next day, Monday, November 14.

The voting had scarcely been completed before Judge Wright acted again. This time he restrained the whole legislature and executive of the state, cited the state superintendent of schools for contempt for declaring the school holiday, and ordered integration to continue under New Orleans auspices.

And so it went on. Each time the city complied with Federal court orders, the legislature reacted with increasing fury. The delegates from the New Orleans area in both houses found themselves pitted against a wild majority. The modern electric voting equipment on the front wall rang out like slot machines as bells sounded and levers came down to record defiant votes. Early in the proceedings on that hectic Sunday afternoon, New Orleans delegates had to plead with the Davis administration's floor leader, Representative Risley Triche, for thirty minutes' recess to give them time to read the new resolutions before voting.

The legislative chambers are heavily ornate rooms in Huey Long's towering capitol. The galleries were packed and overflowing along the sides of the chamber; spectators wildly waved Confederate flags and placards with contradictory slogans like "We Want Segregation" and "Open Schools." At one point the speaker of the house had to halt proceedings to clear the floor of men distributing segregationist literature to the delegates. Press and television reporters crowded the stone steps right beneath the speaker's platform. Through it all, impassive colored waiters in white jackets passed out cups of coffee and soft drinks according to the established custom.

The dispute between city and state was not over the so-called "doctrine of interposition." Like other representatives, the New Orleans delegation voted unanimously in the legislature to interpose Louisiana's sovereign state rights between the Federal government and New Orleans in order to prevent integration. To be sure, some of these legislators may have been voting to pass the buck to the Federal courts, since they must make the ultimate decision about the constitutionality of interposition. But the real dispute between city and state arose over the welter of subsidiary bills, which, in furthering interposition, would destroy New Orleans "home rule."

The legislature voted to abolish the Orleans Parish school board. Other measures wiped out local control over police power, and empowered the state police to intervene anywhere, at any time, without request of local authorities. The governor was given authority to close schools anywhere in the state "to avoid disorder or violence." The whole bank account of the Orleans Parish school board was to be transferred to the legislature.

Money is the legislature's most powerful weapon. Other interference in New Orleans schools can be held in abeyance by Federal court order. But sixty per cent of the $28-million school budget comes from the state treasury, and the legislature voted to withhold the subsidy. Without credit or state support, the board cannot meet its monthly $1,900,000 payroll for some 5,500 teachers and other employees. The legislature itself has met the bills for November.

As tension increased, so did the bitterness of the legislative debates. All the latent hostility between the rural Protestant "Bible belt" of northern Louisiana and the predominantly Roman Catholic south came to the surface. At one point, Representative Kenneth C. Barranger of New Orleans said frankly that he was afraid of turning his community's schools over to northern legislators who were "hostile to the city." In response, Representative Wellborn Jack of Caddo County near Shreveport, one of the most fanatical of the resisters, declared that all local rights must be sacrificed for the cause of segregation. "Home rule goes out the window when you fight this battle."

Governor Davis adopted an aloof attitude. One afternoon at the height of the pre-integration crisis, he decided to go dove hunting. Another time the guitar-strumming composer of "You Are My Sunshine" spent the day on an entertainment tour of local charitable institutions. But far into the night he would meet with segregationist leaders to plot strategy in the legislature.

Davis obviously had a political problem of the first magnitude on his hands. He is in debt to the upstate segregationist leaders whose support was decisive in electing him last January over the more moderate Catholic mayor of New Orleans, deLesseps S. ("Chep") Morrison. In his campaign Davis promised to keep the schools open *and* segregated.

On the one hand, he and his segregationist supporters are making all they can out of the school crisis. The moderates are forced into unpopular positions. The segregationists revile Mayor Morrison interminably for his "integrationist" stand. In vain the harassed mayor has replied that his job is to maintain law and order and that U.S. marshals, not his police department, are enforcing integration.

On the other hand, the governor is steadily being forced to choose between some form of at least token integration in the schools and having no schools open at all. Some believe that his "massive resistance" campaign is nothing but a face-saving device before capitulation to the Federal government. Closed schools and civil disorder may yet compel Federal intervention.

Playing Hooky

The clash between city and state had its most explosive effect on teenagers. No authority any longer

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seemed to command their obedience. By the middle of the week, a third of the 36,000 students in the city's high schools were absent. While the school superintendent threatened disciplinary action against truants, legislative leaders in Baton Rouge reminded them that compulsory attendance laws had been repealed. Playing hooky was legalized.

Carloads of boys and girls in a holiday mood converged on the two schools where integration had been ordered. Young people and old shouted and cheered, waved Confederate flags, and sang "Glory, Glory, Segregation" to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Things soon got much uglier. Many of the youngsters began to catch the bitter mood of the embattled adults, especially those who attended a wildly racist rally sponsored one evening by the White Citizens Council, where they heard their mayor and Judge Wright reviled in unprintable language. One speaker said the New Orleans police were "ashamed" that they had to guard integrated schools. There was praise for "civil disobedience," which would "bring the runaway courts to their knees." And it was announced that "the Ladies of Frantz School" would lead a protest march to the City Hall the following day.

Not many ladies turned up the next day, but some two thousand truant teen-agers did. Shouting and screaming, they snake-danced their way against fire hoses and broke off in splinter groups to rampage through the city. They beat up several stray "niggers," rocked automobiles, threw stones, and finally gathered in the narrow streets of the old French Quarter to heave bottles at trucks and cars driven by Negroes.

THE NEXT morning the city was quiet but aghast. Leaders of civic, business, and church groups hurried to join the mayor in an appeal for calm. Even in Baton Rouge, the mood seemed more sober. Governor Davis went before the legislature and said he hoped people of New Orleans "and all over the state will keep their feet on the ground," and the legislature passed a resolution condemning violence. But the end of violence and hatred and desperate fear is not yet in sight.

Segregation Costs Money

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

VIRGINIA looks forward to the past, her best historians say. Rigid economy in government is a tradition dating from Thomas Jefferson's time that has been enshrined by Senator Harry Byrd. Segregated education is another tradition of the Old Dominion, one that began with the founding of the state and eventually became embedded in the Code of Virginia. The only difficulty is that Virginians have to decide what to do now that these two cherished traditions have collided.

Economy in government and segregated education have been on a collision course in Virginia since the U.S. Supreme Court declared segregation in public schools unconstitutional in 1954. No one is certain how much money the state has spent fighting the Supreme Court decision, but certainly financial prudence has been diminishing.

First came the thirty-two-man Gray Commission, which hired a staff and special legal talent and went to work in the summer of 1954. It came up more than a year later with a scattershot twelve-point program calling for a series of movements that would begin with a special session of the General Assembly to initiate a constitutional convention and end with sweeping legislation. The "Gray Plan" went through a maze and was eventually passed in a costly statewide referendum. Then, because it called for local option on integrated schools and would almost certainly allow some integration, it was junked.

Next came massive resistance—a complex of laws whose waste of money, time, and energy is suggested by the fact that they set up a school-assignment program for every child in the state, with a system of appeals to the governor and to the state courts for those who were not pleased with their assignments. Massive resistance was so obviously designed to thwart integration that the Federal courts did away with some of the laws and Virginia's own highest tribunal, the Supreme Court of Appeals, killed others.

The third phase of the effort to keep segregation in the Old Dominion involved rebuilding and refining the tuition-grant law. Virginia's best legislative minds had developed new wiles during their jousts with the courts; the new tuition-grant program was designed to give maximum scholarships of $250 to grade-school pupils and $275 to high-school students in integrated areas so they could use the money to attend segregated schools, but the General Assembly carefully refrained from mentioning or hinting at the words "segregation" or "integration" anywhere in the statute.

Not Good in Switzerland

Nobody, so far, has filed suit; the new law avoided the segregation-integration controversy by allowing almost any Virginia child to attend any accredited nonsectarian school outside his own district. He could go to a public school in a nearby county, collect his grant, and get subsidized education at the same time. The law is so disarmingly inclusive, in fact, that the unlikeliest people began taking advantage of it. Negro children applied for the grants, got them, and moved from their all-Negro schools into integrated schools. White students took the money and moved from one integrated school to another in their home towns. Negro and white children were paid to attend the state's only nonsectarian integrated private school, Burgundy Farms near Alexandria in northern Virginia. And the *Northern Virginia Sun* soon reported the ultimate: white children who had been attending segregated public schools in neighboring counties were attending integrated public schools in Norfolk. They too got the tuition-grant money.

Confused by the odd effects of their program, some Virginia lawmakers found consolation in the thought that at least it would enable low-income families to send their children to segregated private schools, but it was soon apparent that private education was far too expensive for most families. Indeed, a member of

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the House of Delegates reported: "Some of the people who take that money have been sending their sons to Groton for years!" Realizing that there are too few private schools in Virginia to take care of the potential demand, the General Assembly had thoughtfully provided that the grants could be used anywhere in the United States—a limitation that still disappointed a well-to-do mother who applied for state help to send her daughter to a finishing school in Switzerland.

The Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* published a list of the 1,212 Norfolk parents who applied for and received tuition grants for their children during 1959-1960. Among them were wealthy segregationist leaders, the city manager, and the publisher of the largest Negro newspaper in the South. On the list, too, were many of those who had strongly opposed the tuition-grant system on the ground that it would damage the public schools—including the president of the Norfolk Committee for Public Schools. Some claimed that they accepted the money to hasten the demise of the system.

THE LIFE EXPECTANCY of expensive works has never been bright in the Old Dominion, but Virginia's leaders are hanging onto this one in spite of the growing cost. Last year, 4,750 students received grants under the plan, and the total expenditures were $1,030,000. J. G. Blount, fiscal director of the state Department of Education, predicts that many more grants will be awarded this year simply because more parents are becoming aware of the program. Some Negroes are applying to help break the system, and the news is spreading among Negroes and whites that the law and the administrative regulations are so loose that very few applications can be rejected.

Applications for this year's grants were not due until November 15, but Norfolk, which awarded only 1,212 grants last year, has approved 1,600 grants this year. Parents in Prince Edward County, who closed all their public schools for good in 1959, did not apply last year, fearing that the use of public funds would jeopardize the status of their segregated private school. This year they are no longer afraid that accepting money from the state will lead to court orders to integrate their "private" school, and more than 1,300 grants have been approved.

State Senator Charles Fenwick, one of the strongest proponents of the tuition grants, suggests hopefully that "this program may not cost anything at all." He bases his estimate on the fact that some schools, especially in northern Virginia, spend more money per pupil than the $250 and $275 awards.

State education officials are certain that Senator Fenwick is dreaming. They point out that the costs of education diminish hardly at all when two or three students leave a

classroom, or even when ten or twelve go elsewhere. The facilities and teachers are still there; the expenses are virtually the same. The $1,030,000 awarded in tuition grants last year, one official asserts, "represents new money we're spending." And twenty per cent of the students who got tuition grants last year simply moved from one Virginia public school to another, failing to use the facilities and teachers in their home districts, taking tuition-grant money, and taxing the facilities of their new schools as well. The operating costs of Virginia schools have been going up, from $181 million in 1958-1959 to $196 million in 1959-1960, and they are expected to move higher again this year.

Picking Daisies

Virginia's education leaders, aware that Virginians are actually paying twice for some students' schooling—once in taxes to support public education and again for tuition grants for students who may attend private schools—are deeply troubled. Leo Urbanske, a member of the Arlington County school board, pointed out that only nine per cent of the Arlington students who received grants last year used them for the purpose for which the law was actually written, to transfer from the district's three integrated schools. Thirty-three students transferred from schools that were still segregated; 124 had been attending private schools the year before and simply took the money and enrolled again for private schooling.

County officials are concerned but powerless. The state provides only about half the tuition-grant funds, with the counties making up the remainder, but local efforts to discourage applications are all futile. When county officials fail to provide their part of the money, the state withholds other funds due the county. Last year, six counties were docked for their share of tuition-grant funds they had refused to pay.

In its 1960 session the General Assembly approved an act that could fragment local finances even more dangerously. The new law allows local governments to grant twenty-five per cent credits on real-estate and personal-property taxes to those who contribute to local, nonprofit, nonsectarian private schools—a measure drawn to fit such segregationist private schools as those in Norfolk, Charlottesville, and Prince Edward County. Prince Edward, which now has only the school operated by the private Prince Edward School Foundation, has already implemented the law. Residents are expected, in effect, to pay $4 of their tax bills by turning over $3 to the county and contributing $1 to the foundation.

Virginia's traditionalist leaders have managed so far to bury economy in government even as they were losing segregated education. As for the proud tradition of free public education established by Jefferson, the executive secretary of the Virginia Education Association sounded its epitaph in a speech at the association's annual convention in November. He reported that a Virginia school child can now take a tuition grant and "not have to go to school at all—he could go fishing or pick daisies."

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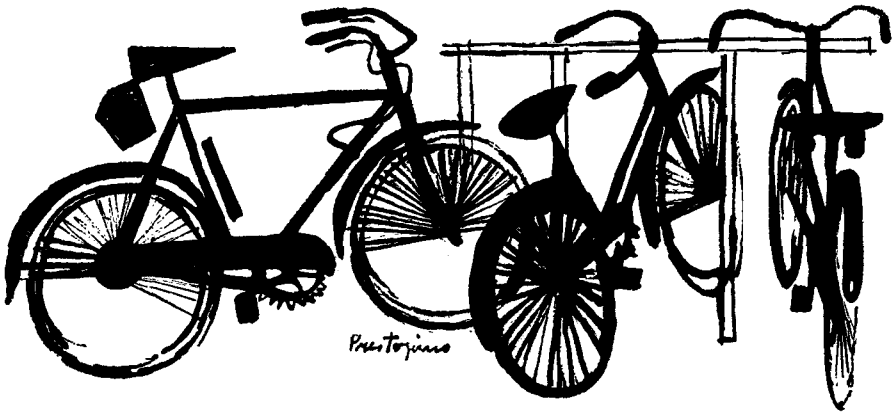

Why Pick on New Rochelle?

MEL ELFIN

IT IS SOMETHING more than historical accident that the chief tourist attraction in the pleasant, tree-shaded suburb of New Rochelle, New York, is the modest cottage where Tom Paine took refuge in his declining and politically unpopular years. Since its settlement almost three centuries ago by Huguenot refugees, New Rochelle, some twenty commuting miles north of Manhattan, has enjoyed a reputation for civic liberality and tolerance and for welcoming within its borders all who wished to dwell there. As a result, when contrasted to the country-club exclusiveness of some other Westchester suburbs, New Rochelle is a veritable bastion of brotherhood.

Therefore, it came as a mild shock to many New Rochelleans when they picked up their newspapers recently and read that their city, which numbers among its 76,000 residents more than 16,000 Negroes (including several high U.N. officials), had been accused of fostering "school segregation as bad as any in Alabama or Arkansas." And while many people in town laughed off the charge as ridiculous, it nevertheless signaled a dangerous new turn in a school crisis dating back more than a decade.

The focus of the dispute was and still is the Lincoln Elementary School, a weather-beaten masonry relic in the heart of one of New Rochelle's few low-income residential areas. As far back as 1948, city officials had recommended the replacement of the then fifty-year-old structure, but nobody could agree on what to replace it with. The chief problem was that the Lincoln School, reflecting the social character of the surrounding neighborhood, had a ninety-two per cent Negro enrollment. Consequently, one group, including whites as well as Negroes, suggested that the building be abandoned and its pupils distributed to other schools in less solidly Negro areas. But another group, including the Lincoln School Parent-Teachers Association, favored the construction of a new school on the same site.

After much vacillation and soul searching over the ethnic question, the New Rochelle board of education last year decided in favor of constructing a new $1.3-million school on the Lincoln site. The dispersal plan was rejected for a variety of reasons, including the fact that it would force youngsters to walk unnecessarily long distances. After a spirited campaign last May, the voters, in a special referendum, approved the board decision by a margin of 3-1. That, as far as most New Rochelleans were concerned, should have ended the question of the Lincoln School.

Enter Mr. Zuber

They failed, however, to reckon with the iron-willed determination of a shrewd, aggressive, and muscular young Negro attorney named Paul B. Zuber. A sometime Republican politician in Manhattan, the thirty-four-year-old Zuber had been the prime mover in the 1958 and 1959 school boycotts in Harlem (*The Reporter,* February 5, 1959). As counsel to the parents of the thirty-two youngsters who were kept out of the public schools in protest against "de facto segregation," Zuber won a major victory this year when the New York City board of education approved a system of permissive transfers. This would allow pupils in Harlem and other Negro sections to register in schools in less crowded and less segregated areas.

Fresh from this triumph, Zuber arrived in New Rochelle in September to take charge of the fight against the plans for the new Lincoln School. After consulting with the parents (who seemed to agree thoroughly with his views), Zuber decided on the same tactics that had proved so successful in New York. The goal, of course, was to overturn the results of the May referendum or at least force the school board to tolerate permissive transfers.

So when school opened in New Rochelle in September, a dozen Negro youngsters were missing from the classrooms at the Lincoln School. They soon turned up instead at the ultramodern William B. Ward School in a newly developed area of New Rochelle that has few if any Negroes. Accompanied by the ubiquitous Zuber, the parents of the youngsters tried to register them. The applications were rejected because the youngsters didn't live in the Ward district.

During the next week, Zuber's little band went through the same procedure at nine other New Rochelle elementary schools. Each time, the registration applications were rejected. Nonetheless the demonstrations and Zuber's verbal attacks on the school board and on the hallowed concept of the neighborhood school reaped a bountiful harvest of publicity all across the country, especially when the Negroes tried to enroll at the Roosevelt School in the northern end of the city. There, the applications were rejected by Dr. Barbara T. Mason, the school principal, who also happens to be Negro. The pictures of the confrontation between the Negro parents and the Negro principal were too much for most editors to resist.

As the registration gambit began to wear thin, Zuber switched to a new tactic: the sit-in. After alerting

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photographers and reporters, Zuber, the parents, the children, and the Reverend Melvin D. Bullock, head of the New Rochelle N.A.A.C.P., arrived one morning in front of the William B. Ward School, where they were met by two policemen who warned them that if they entered the school grounds they would be arrested for loitering. After the Reverend Mr. Bullock had uttered a brief prayer, the group, with folding chairs in hand, advanced on the school. Soon after, summonses were served on the eight parents involved, and, although the charges were eventually dismissed, thus began the first of four court actions and counteractions in which Zuber and the City of New Rochelle soon became entangled.

It was at this point that Zuber publicly compared New Rochelle to Arkansas and Alabama. As he had promised, Zuber was "taking off the gloves." Sensing that the highly respected Dr. Mason was a possible rallying point for Negroes opposed to the boycott, Zuber set out to expose "how she is using her position to subjugate members of her own race." He then called her the "Aunt Jemima of Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Other Negroes who spoke out against the boycott were similarly disparaged. At one point, when the school board rejected his request for an immediate conference, Zuber threatened to make public "shocking information" about the conduct of an unnamed school official. Later on, Zuber urged Alex Quaison-Sackey, the Ghanaian delegate to the U.N. and a New Rochelle resident, to take his children out of the Roosevelt School in protest against the city's segregation policy. Quaison-Sackey replied that his children were happy at Roosevelt, and that if there is any discrimination in the New Rochelle schools, "then I don't know about it." Undaunted by this diplomatic rebuff, Zuber returned to the attack, contending that if he wins his court cases then the ambassador's stand "will not help Ghana in the eyes of other nations."

Calmer Views

Zuber's gift for making headlines gave him heroic stature in the eyes of many New Rochelle Negroes, but the boycott and the attack on Dr. Mason also antagonized many others. There were several well-publicized resignations from the local N.A.A.C.P. and angry letters in the New Rochelle *Standard-Star* in defense of Dr. Mason. As Zuber's campaign mounted to a crescendo, even the Reverend Mr. Bullock, Zuber's closest ally and a no less militant crusader for Negro equality, said that he wished "Zuber hadn't gotten so deeply into personalities."

As the weeks went by, it became evident that Zuber was having trouble recruiting other Lincoln School parents for the boycott movement. Although there were sporadic attempts to enroll Lincoln children at the Roosevelt School, only one additional youngster joined the original twelve in the specially tutored

classes arranged by Zuber. The attorney insisted that the possibility of economic reprisals by white employers against Negro parents was the reason why the boycott was not gathering as much momentum as he had expected. The explanation was not fully convincing, and it was obvious that a majority of the Negro community was not unhappy over the prospect of a brand-new Lincoln School.

Zuber's problem was that New Rochelle is not Harlem. Unlike some of the Harlem schools, Lincoln School is not markedly inferior to the others in the New Rochelle system. And while the area is not up to the standards of other sections of New Rochelle, the Lincoln district is a far cry from some of the depressing crime-ridden blocks surrounding the Harlem "problem" schools. Moreover, teachers at Lincoln are not recruited on a volunteer basis, as has been attempted in Harlem. The Lincoln staff is assigned on the same basis as the teachers at the other New Rochelle schools. Despite Zuber's contention that the Lincoln staff is constantly changing and poorly trained, most impartial observers feel that the level of instruction is as high as at the other schools.

ADMITTEDLY, say school officials, some Lincoln pupils do not do as well as they might on achievement tests. Nor do some of them do as well as youngsters from elementary schools in higher-income areas when they reach the junior and senior highs. But whether this is due to the character of the school or of the neighborhood is hard to say. It is Zuber's thesis that as a result of segregation and poor instruction, Lincoln School pupils are "two to three years behind when they reach junior high." In recent years, the New Rochelle school board has instituted special programs at Lincoln in remedial reading to help the pupils do better in junior high. However, school officials insist that Zuber's charges about the general level of achievement are untrue.

As for the accusations of segregation, Dr. Herbert C. Clish, the superintendent of schools, who is one of the chief targets of Zuber's wrath, points out that two-thirds of the 1,200-odd Negro children in New Rochelle attend schools other than Lincoln. The Negro percentages in these other schools range from zero to more than fifty. The two schools with no Negro pupils do have some youngsters of Oriental background. Furthermore, says Dr. Clish, there is complete integration in the three junior and senior high schools.

DR. CLISH, who is now serving his second tour in New Rochelle (he left in 1947 to become school chief in San Francisco), says: "The board is not happy that this school is predominantly one ethnic group. But on the other hand, neither do we want to play God, as Mr. Zuber has

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suggested we do, and sort the children out in the schools according to race, color, and creed." A staunch defender of the neighborhood school, he believes that the only long-range solution is to integrate housing in the Lincoln district.

In this he is firmly supported by Merryle S. Rukeyser, the distinguished economist and financial columnist whom Zuber usually refers to as "the white president of the board of education." Rukeyser says that the board recognizes that "it must give active leadership in the field of human relations." He points out that it has taken the lead in urging the construction of middle-income housing, for whites as well as Negroes, as part of an urban renewal program for the Lincoln district. "We're not the old mossbacks that Zuber claims we are," says Rukeyser.

Although some Negroes feel that whites will never live in such projects, there are those who believe that integrated housing may be the eventual answer to the school problem. One such man is Lester Granger, executive director of the National Urban League, who after dismissing Zuber's comparison of New Rochelle with Arkansas as "idle exaggeration that helps to confuse public understanding," said: "School boards in the North didn't create the Negro residential area; true, they've got to face up to the issue presented by Jim Crow housing, but if we spend most of our time battering school boards over the head, we overlook the real villains in the piece —Jim Crow-minded property owners and real-estate brokers and developers."

'If We Give In . . .'

Similar thoughts were voiced by Eliot Birnbaum, president of the Empire State Federation of Teachers, who said in a speech in New Rochelle: "So-called integration that is purely symbolic or synthetic is a false goal. It is not the presence of white children or the absence of Negroes that makes a school desirable: It is the rejection of any children of any ancestry, by design, that is reprehensible, and that type of rejection is rooted in segregated neighborhoods and restricted housing."

Zuber understands all this, but he refuses to subscribe to the theory that you have to change the neighborhood before you can change the school. "We can't afford to wait for the real-estate brokers and the politicians to hand out a few residential crumbs to the Negro," says Zuber, who is typical of a new generation of Negro leaders impatient with the gradualism of their elders. "The important thing is equality of education, and segregated education, as the Supreme Court indicated in 1954, can never be equal. Once we achieve genuine equality in education, then housing, employment, and the other things that we Negroes worry about will take care of themselves."

When he doffs his mantle of toughness and discusses the problems of the Negro in terms of advanced social and political theory, Zuber can be exceedingly persuasive. As a result, even those Negroes who rose so quickly to defend Dr. Mason against Zuber's attacks, have spoken out in favor of permissive transfers. In this they have been joined by several groups of white parents who feel that the adoption of the system would not only end the squabbling but would also benefit their children, whose experiences are "painfully limited" because they do not have "the opportunity to meet children of different races and ethnic backgrounds."

Unfortunately, Zuber's guerrilla tactics have served only to stiffen the resolve of those opposing him. Thus. despite some pressure from white parents, early in November, the board voted 5-3 against permissive registration. Rukeyser, for one, views the dispute not so much as a school question as a problem in democratic procedures. "The question," the school-board president maintains, "is whether a free society can let itself be pushed around by a noisy minority that seeks to get its way by disrupting the functions of public institutions. If we give in, it would encourage other splinter groups to act similarly."

In the face of Rukeyser's sworn promise that "Nothing is going to deter us from adhering to the rules," Zuber has little hope of having the results of the May referendum reversed. Construction of the new Lincoln School is almost certain to start next fall, and Zuber insists that it will make segregation in New Rochelle permanent. The Federal courts (where Zuber is now pressing an appeal based on the 1954 Supreme Court decision) could rule that the neighborhood school system, as it functions in New Rochelle and most other Northern cities, is unconstitutional. Barring this, however, the best the boycott parents can hope for is that some court (Zuber has threatened to go all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court) will force a system of permissive transfers on the New Rochelle board.

How well this would work in New Rochelle is doubtful. In the first two months of permissive transfers in New York City, less than four per cent of the eligible pupils applied for enrollment in schools outside their home districts. Some New Rochelle Negro parents have already expressed reluctance at the prospect of sending their youngsters many miles away to a school in an unfamiliar environment. Moreover, when a system of transfers was tried in New Rochelle in the 1940's, it was discovered that it was mainly the white parents in the Lincoln district who took advantage of the opportunity to register their children in other schools. It could work the same way again and make Lincoln a hundred per cent rather than ninety-two per cent Negro.

WHATEVER happens, the antagonisms developed during the past few months will take a long time to heal. No matter how gleaming the new building erected on the Lincoln site, its pupils, both colored and white, have been made to feel that there is something "wrong" about their school. In addition, New Rochelle's reputation for liberality has been tarnished by the headlines around the country linking the city with "segregation." Coming at a time when the city is about to grapple with other major problems such as traffic congestion and urban blight, the damage wrought by the Zuber crusade is more than most New Rochelleans care to contemplate. But as one long-time resident said recently, "The real pity is that there are so many better places where Zuber could have used his talents to help the Negro. It's a shame he picked on New Rochelle."

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The Case Against Electoral Reform

ANTHONY LEWIS

OF THE many might-have-beens that can be constructed about the 1960 election, none is more intriguing than this: If a first-term senator named John F. Kennedy had not, in March of 1956, led the fight against an electoral-reform proposal first made by his Senate predecessor, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., the proposal might have become part of the Constitution. And if it had, John F. Kennedy might well not be President-elect today.

The story offers more than a nice bit of historical irony. For the closeness of the 1960 election has brought a flurry of interest in the perennial topic of electoral reform. An urgent cry for change in our method of choosing a President has come from such interesting bedfellows as Senators Mike Mansfield, Sam J. Ervin, Karl Mundt, and Jacob K. Javits, columnist Roscoe Drummond, and the editors of the Washington *Post*.

The suggestion most frequently discussed is known as the Lodge-Gossett amendment because it was first sponsored by Senator Lodge and Representative Ed Gossett, a Texas Democrat. Its basic idea is that the electoral vote of each state, instead of being awarded as a bloc to the winner of the popular vote in that state, should be divided proportionally according to the popular vote.

This year, for example, Senator Kennedy won 50.1 per cent of the vote in Illinois and got all of its twenty-seven electoral votes. Under the Lodge-Gossett amendment he would have had 13.527 electoral votes from Illinois against Vice-President Nixon's 13.473. (The amendment specified that the apportionment should be carried to three decimal places.)

The pros and cons of this kind of change in our Presidential electoral system can be set out most fairly and completely by referring to what was said in the two great Senate debates on the question, in 1950 and 1956. The most articulate spokesmen on opposite sides—surely an accident of history, but one almost too perfect to believe—were Senators Lodge and Kennedy.

Lodge's Logic

Opening the debate in 1950, Senator Lodge listed what he termed the "defects, unhealthy practices and potential evils" of the unit-rule system of giving all a state's electoral votes to the popular-vote victor. One was the possibility that the winner of the popular vote nationally would lose in the Electoral College. A second was the thesis that the hopelessness of upsetting the majority in one-party states discouraged minority voters from bothering to turn out on Election Day; if they knew that every vote would count in the electoral total, it was reasoned, more would care and one-party rule would be threatened. Third was the argument that under the unit rule all votes cast for the losing candidate in a state are "wasted."

But the main attack made by Senator Lodge on the existing unit-rule system was that it "strongly tends to overemphasize the political importance of the large, politically doubtful states." The system, said Mr. Lodge, encourages the selection of Presidential nominees from the large states and encourages the candidates to do most of their campaigning there. Even more important, he said, "It not only permits but actually invites the domination of Presidential campaigns by small, organized, well-disciplined minority or pressure groups within the large so-called pivotal states."

Senator Lodge's logic was apparently persuasive. The only effective opposition during a one-sided debate in 1950 was put up by Senator Robert A. Taft, who was blunt enough to say that his Ohio would not have as much influence in a Presidential election if its electoral vote were divided instead of going as a lump.

The Lodge-Gossett amendment passed the Senate by 64 to 27, more than the necessary two-thirds. The majority included most of the Senate's noted liberals—Douglas of Illinois, Humphrey of Minnesota, Kefauver of Tennessee, Lehman of New York, Morse of Oregon—as well as such right-wing Democrats as McCarran of Nevada and Eastland of Mississippi. Most of the negative votes came from conservative Republicans.

But the amendment died in the House in 1950. It was held in the Rules Committee, then chaired by Adolph Sabath of Illinois, and an effort to bring it to the floor by suspending the rules failed.

AS IT CAME to the Senate floor in 1956, the electoral-reform proposal was a hybrid. Attached to the Lodge-Gossett plan, now sponsored in chief by Senator Price Daniel of Texas, was a wholly different alternative bearing the name of Mundt of South Dakota. The Mundt idea was to choose electors in each state by districts—one for each representative and two at large for the senators. The Lodge-Gossett approach would prevail under the combined proposal, unless any state itself chose to vote for President by districts.

The 1956 amendment had what appeared to be overwhelming support. It was introduced jointly by fifty-four senators. The fact that as junior a member as Mr. Kennedy (then in his fourth year as a senator) was floor leader of the opposition indicates how thin the troops were on that side.

All those who think the John F. Kennedy who finished the 1960 Presidential campaign was a wholly new man, one whose mind and style could not have been forecast from past performance, should read the

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week's debate on the Daniel-Mundt amendment. Senator Kennedy held the floor himself for the better part of two days, and he was there almost continuously with questions for the other side. And through it all flashed the sharpness, the candor, the fascination with the Presidency, the love of history, the taste for quotation that characterized him as a Presidential candidate.

"These are crucial times. . . ," Senator Kennedy said. "Nevertheless, it is proposed to change this system—under which we have, on the whole, obtained able Presidents capable of meeting the increased demands upon our Executive—for an unknown, untried but obviously precarious system which was abandoned in this country long ago, which previous Congresses have rejected and which has been thoroughly discredited in Europe. . . .

"No urgent necessity for immediate change has been proven. . . . It seems to me that Falkland's definition of conservatism is quite appropriate—'When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change.' "

Although he did not refer to his predecessor, Senator Kennedy in time answered each of the Lodge arguments against the existing unit-rule system. To the first, that it may give the election to a loser in the popular vote, Senator Kennedy replied by pointing out that the system had, in effect, done so only once, in the Harrison-Cleveland election of 1888. Moreover, he said, an analysis of past elections indicated that under the Lodge-Gossett arrangement two Democrats would have been elected with fewer popular votes than their opponents: Hancock over Garfield in 1880, Bryan over McKinley in 1896 and 1900.

"In short, what the committee report calls the 'minority President evil' occurs at a rate of once every 175 years—hardly cause for an immediate and drastic change which the proponents admit will not even do away with it."

Senator Kennedy doubted that the amendment would have the effect Senator Lodge forecast of evening up one-party states. (By 1960 they seem to be evening up without the amendment.) He dismissed as semantics the idea that votes for the losing candidate in a state under the unit rule were "wasted." The same can be said of any district system of elections, such as Britain's or Canada's or our Congressional elections or the Mundt proposal for the Presidency. In all these instances, only one man can win a district.

Where the Plums Are

But the heart of the Kennedy attack was against the thesis that the present electoral system gives too much power to the large doubtful states and their "minority" and "pressure" groups. He did not deny that the large states gain power from the unit rule. When the prize is forty-five electoral votes, any national party is going to look to New York when it is drafting a platform or nominating a candidate or running a campaign. But Senator Kennedy argued that the urban interests *ought* to have this power—that it has been built into our political system as a compensation for other ways in which these interests are at a disadvantage.

He noted that each state, regardless of size, has two senators: "New York is the largest state in the union. It has only two Senators but it has forty-three Representatives. One of New York's great hopes of recapturing its relative loss of influence in the legislative branch is to have an effective influence on the presidency." And the senatorial distortion is reflected in the fact that even the smallest state has three electoral votes to match its one congressman and two senators.

Moreover, rural and conservative interests have maintained a grip on most of the state legislatures in the country through gerrymandering. The legislatures in turn work their will on Congressional districts, so that even in the House urban areas are sharply underrepresented.

The Mundt proposal, Senator Kennedy said, would invite gerrymandering on a grandiose scale, with Republican legislatures choosing the option of election by districts to cut Democratic electoral votes. And the Lodge formula would have its own drastic effect on the influence of urban interests. The point Senator Kennedy made was that Presidential elections are usually so close in the large urban states that neither side could hope for a margin of more than a few electoral votes under the Lodge proposal. The big plums would be in the one-party states.

As a sample, Senator Kennedy supposed that the 1948 election had been held in just seven states: Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. Mr. Dewey won the first six industrial states, getting 138 electoral votes, while losing Georgia's twelve. But his popular-vote margins were so small in the six that under the Lodge plan they would have given him a net electoral-vote edge of only three, while one-party Georgia would have given Mr. Truman a margin of five electoral votes. Georgia, in effect, would have outweighed the other six.

"It is not only the unit vote for the Presidency we are talking about," Senator Kennedy concluded, "but a whole solar system of governmental power. If it is proposed to change the balance of power of one of the elements of the solar system, it is necessary to consider the others."

THE IMPRESSION should not be left that Senator Kennedy was alone in 1956. Since 1950 more and more liberals had come to see that the "small, organized, well-disciplined minority or pressure groups within the large so-called pivotal states," as Mr. Lodge had put it, meant the N.A.A.C.P. and the AFL-CIO, the Negroes and Catholics and Jews. To end their influence in Presidential elections, as Mr. Lodge candidly proposed to do, was to end their political influence altogether.

Senators Lehman and Douglas, notably, recanted their 1950 support of Lodge-Gossett and spoke effectively against the new amendment. In 1950, Senator Douglas said, he had been "somewhat unwary and . . . believed that if the big States made sacrifices it might induce some reciprocal yielding on the part of other States. Since then the Senator from Illinois has become wiser and more acquainted with the realities. He now understands that there are certain sections of the country which will yield nothing, and which are seeking constantly to diminish the power of the large States and of the large cities and to hold them in bondage. The Senator from Illinois is a wiser man now than he was in

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1950. His hair is whiter, but his wisdom is greater."

On a test vote the Daniel-Mundt amendment carried by only forty-eight to thirty-seven, far less than the two-thirds required for Constitutional amendments. Eight sponsors, including Senator Morse, voted against it. Several sponsors, including Senator Kefauver, were not recorded. Neither was Senator Humphrey, although this time he was announced as being against. With that test, the sponsors gave up and agreed to send the proposal back to committee.

A Crystal Ball?

Some future writer of fictional biography will doubtless speculate that Senator Kennedy did what he did in March, 1956, because he had a good idea he was going to be running for President four years later—with Mr. Lodge on the other ticket. If one were to accept that fantasy, certainly Senator Kennedy would get a remarkable score for prescience.

If the Lodge plan for a proportional division of electoral votes had been in effect in 1960, the latest returns indicate that Senator Kennedy would have 268.871 and Vice-President Nixon 265.036 electoral votes. That assumes a division of Mississippi among the three tickets that actually were on the ballot, giving the independent slate there 3.093 electoral votes.

The Kennedy total would be enough to win, since under the final 1956 version of the electoral-reform plan the leading candidate would need only forty-five per cent of the electoral votes instead of an absolute majority as at present. But the tabulation does not reflect the probability that third-party tickets would have been put forward in many Southern states if the Lodge plan had been in effect, and that they would have drawn votes from Senator Kennedy in states other than Mississippi—Alabama, for example, whose six unpledged electors have all been awarded to Senator Kennedy in this tabulation because they ran on the Democratic slate.

SINCE UNDER the Lodge plan third parties could hope to win at least a small part of a state's electoral vote, they would be encouraged to try, and therefore the results in 1960 would have depended on the strength of a Southern third-party ticket and Kennedy might well have lost; in any case the outcome would have been decided by a few fractional electoral votes—or thrown into the House of Representatives for decision. Incidentally, the intricacies of the computations (as the writer can testify) and the closeness of the result are persuasive practical arguments themselves against proportional division of state electoral votes. The country might drift in torment and indecision for weeks while handfuls of votes were counted and recounted and the electoral vote then recomputed.

By prevailing against the establishment of a proportional division of state electoral votes in 1956, Senator Kennedy certainly served his own purposes in 1960 well. But it is clear from reading the debate that Senator Kennedy acted as he did not because he had a crystal ball focused on 1960 but because he was a realist who knew something about history and about political theory. He knew that government is not an abstract entity such as "the popular will." It is a system of power—of conflicting forces that have worked out their balance over a long history. To weaken one element, such as urban influence on the Presidency, without weakening another, such as rural control of the legislatures, is to change the whole system.

All of which might be worth keeping in mind as a new campaign begins for "electoral reform."

How Mr. Kennedy Looks To the Russians

MADELEINE AND MARVIN KALB

Moscow

ON THE MORNING of November 10, John F. Kennedy made the front page of *Pravda* for the first time. The two center columns of the Communist Party newspaper were crowded with Tass dispatches from New York reporting Kennedy's election to the Presidency of the United States, Kennedy's victory statement, and Kennedy's biography. Topping it all off was a telegram of congratulation from Premier Khrushchev expressing high hopes for the future of Soviet-American relations—a distinct change from the official Soviet tone throughout the campaign.

On November 7, the sole article about the election in the Soviet press, at the bottom of the back page of a minor newspaper, stated that "Kennedy has proposed nothing new: the same arms race, the same 'cold war,' and the same course of dealing from 'positions of strength.'" Khrushchev chose to ignore these criticisms once Kennedy's election was assured. Pointing out that "The fact of general peace depends in large measure on Soviet-American relations," the Soviet leader said he was "ready to discuss" outstanding issues with Kennedy and that he could see "no obstacles in the way of safeguarding peace."

Veteran diplomats here who have studied Khrushchev's declarations for a long time felt that this telegram was the opening shot in a major campaign to arrange a summit meeting with the new American President in the near future. This idea was immediately reflected in the optimistic tone of the press coverage of Kennedy's election, designed to create a favorable image of the President-elect.

The Question Mark

Who is this new President? As his belated debut on *Pravda's* front page indicates, Kennedy is a diplomatic question mark in Moscow—an unknown, shadowy figure both for the "average" Russian and for Khrushchev himself. The people here have never seen him. "They're both the same—Kennedy and Nixon. What difference does it make?," the average Russian is likely to say. Going a bit beyond the official line, a pretty young girl smiled enthusiastically

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(right here in the center)

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and asked, "Is he really as handsome as his pictures? And is he really so young?" Upon being reassured that he was and that he also had a beautiful young wife, she sighed, "That's a good kind of President."

To the men in the Kremlin, there is, first, the strategic, long-range Communist view, in which Kennedy is merely another occupant of the post of President of the United States, the leading capitalist power. Because of the "inevitable course of history," which dictates the victory of the "socialist camp," the leading capitalist power is doomed to defeat no matter who the President is. Thus, to the Communist, the electoral campaign was meaningless. The candidates had "nothing essential to argue about.... They have one aim; only their methods are different." Both, according to *Pravda*, favor bigger arms expenditures, the resumption of nuclear tests, and an aggressive policy in Europe, Latin America, Africa, and the Far East, designed to bring "weak countries" under the domination of the United States. Neither has suggested a "way to end the cold war."

But then there is the level of short-range tactical considerations. Khrushchev is not primarily a theoretician, who delights in weaving theories about the distant future. He is a practical man who relishes the present. He is impatient; he would like to see the red flag flying in every world capital during his lifetime. For such a man, tactical considerations are of utmost importance.

In an age of personal diplomacy, which has crystallized around Khrushchev's dynamic personality, one of the factors recognized as most important is the kind of man the Soviet leader engages in diplomatic battle. Khrushchev has never met Kennedy, has never talked with him. He cannot associate Kennedy with any major United States policies either praised or condemned by the Soviet Union.

Actually, on the popular as well as the official level, the most important fact about Kennedy is that he is not Nixon, and the most noteworthy fact about Kennedy's victory was that it was also Nixon's defeat.

Nixon is a familiar figure in Russia. He has received a good deal of publicity in the last eight years, almost all of it unfavorable. He has been pictured as an "unprincipled careerist," a close colleague of McCarthy, a rabid anti-labor and anti-Communist politician, a representative of the "most reactionary financial, banking, and monopolistic circles" in the Republican Party. Even during his visit here in 1959, when relations between Moscow and Washington were at their most cordial, Nixon was accused of having tried to bribe an "honest Soviet worker"—and during the campaign this year, the incident was resurrected.

The local image of Nixon hit a new low during the U-2 episode. Nixon, second man under a "do-nothing" President, was held responsible for the "aggressive, militaristic" policy which "wrecked the summit meeting" and "deprived the Republican Party of its trump card in the election: the 'peace' slogan."

Was Nixon Better?

It is significant that the first official reaction to the election results was an *Izvestia* headline: "Defeat of the Republican Party of the U.S.A." This announcement came early on November 9, hours before the result was certain. Official Russia was eager to claim Nixon's defeat as a kind of personal vindication for the U-2 insult.

Throughout the campaign, there was a second, contradictory propaganda theme which coexisted uneasily with the first: that there was no difference between the two candidates. The second hinted that perhaps there *was* a difference. "Kennedy's hands are not soiled by the U-2, and the American voter is aware of this," observed a Soviet newspaper shortly before the election. "America is merely voting for the lesser of two evils," preached another; "we hope the future evil will be less than the present one." Implicit in these hints was the Kremlin view that the Eisenhower-Nixon administration had forfeited the support of the American people by dragging Russian-American relations to new depths. In this sense, the Kennedy victory—or the Nixon defeat—was a propaganda triumph for the Soviet Union.

Trying to assess the victor, the Kremlin has studied Kennedy's political past, his voting record, and his

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remarkably rapid rise to political prominence. Official press comment before the nominating convention referred to him scornfully as the "young millionaire who promises everything to everyone." But within a few months Kennedy's shrewd policy of compromise and maneuver that secured the nomination, dictated his choice of a running mate, and brought him success at the polls won the grudging admiration of the Soviet press.

All of Kennedy's actions were not approved, of course. The Russians referred slightingly to his "flexible if not to say unprincipled position" of siding at one time with labor, which considers his voting record "liberal," and another time with "big business," which was "satisfied with his investigation of corruption in the labor unions"; and they spoke critically of his "readiness to compromise with reactionary elements."

On foreign-policy issues, Kennedy was portrayed as straddling two positions within the Democratic Party: one held by the so-called "cold-war advocates," such as Truman, Acheson, and Symington, who are really "no better" than the Eisenhowers and the Nixons; the second held by the more "moderate" leaders such as Stevenson, Fulbright, and Mansfield.

Just Window Dressing?

This examination of Kennedy and his political views leads Soviet observers to inconclusive results; it shows only a shrewd man with a great deal of political skill who may prove to be a formidable adversary. The Kremlin analyst must turn next to the likely position of the Democratic Party, which Kennedy represents. Is the new Democratic administration apt, in Moscow's view, to offer more effective opposition to the achievement of Communist aims than a Republican administration headed by Nixon?

In the opinion of informed observers, the answer is "Yes." This is true, they feel, despite the enthusiastic references to the days of Roosevelt that have dominated the press coverage of Kennedy's victory.

For information about the Democratic Party of 1960, Soviet analysts turned to the Democratic platform. There they found a great deal to approve of: talk of peace, negotiation, disarmament, and the peaceful use of outer space. But they generally came to the conclusion that such "positive" proposals were merely "window dressing" designed to attract "peace-loving" voters. They found these proposals contradicted by promises to strengthen America's defense, spend more on rockets and missiles, and negotiate "from positions of strength." They noted that the Democrats promised to "review" America's system of alliances, but saw no chance of a basic change in the structure of NATO. They could find, in sum, very little difference between the foreign-policy programs of the Democratic and Republican Parties.

THE ONE real point of difference they found and the one point on which they agreed wholeheartedly with Kennedy was the Democrat's sharp criticism of what he felt was the drop in America's prestige around the world. Recently *Izvestia* stated: "The prestige of the United States has fallen still lower. And this is a direct result of the bankrupt policy of the American government which closes its eyes to the changing correlation of forces in the world. . . . Now new forces led by the Soviet Union are drawing peoples and governments away from the United States."

If American prestige has fallen, as recent events as well as several government polls seem to demonstrate, this is due partially to the "changing correlation of forces in the world," as *Izvestia* points out—that is, basic changes in power relations which are beyond the control of either the United States or the Soviet Union, changes brought about by the forces of nationalism, technological developments, shifting population patterns, and varying rates of economic growth.

It is also due to the flexible foreign policy followed by the Soviet Union since the death of Stalin in 1953. The relative increase in Soviet prestige has been greatly aided by Khrushchev's new view of neutrals, his change in emphasis from Europe to Asia and Africa, and his switch from a military threat to a broad economic and cultural offensive, accompanied by propaganda campaigns emphasizing Soviet prog-

(right here in the center)

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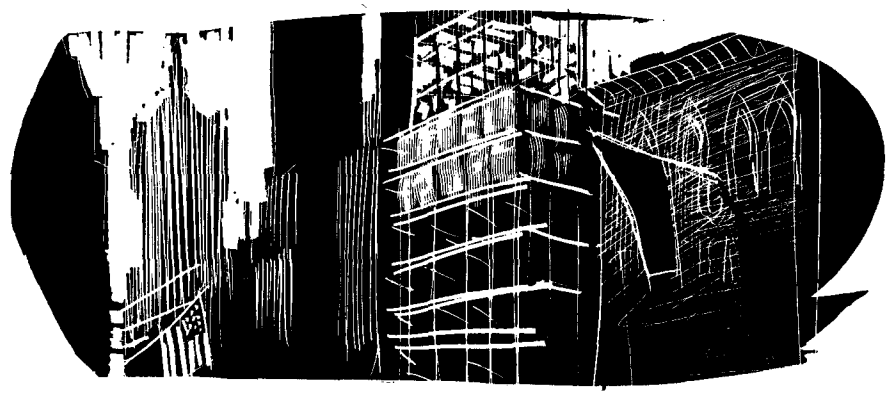
ress in rocketry and urging disarmament, trade, and peaceful coexistence.

Not least important, Khrushchev is believed to be aware that the relative inflexibility of the Eisenhower administration in the face of these new challenges has helped the Communist cause at the expense of American prestige in many parts of the world. As he facetiously told a group of reporters in June, 1959, "We've done very well under your Dulles."

In Khrushchev's Marxist-oriented view of world events, it is easier to battle a conservative Republican than an imaginative Democrat. This is especially so if the more dynamic adversary openly plans to base his strategy on a stronger military position and a more rapid rate of economic growth. Soviet leaders are aware of Kennedy's stands on both of these issues. Although they have found it awkward to oppose economic expansion in the United States, they have had no difficulty in attacking Kennedy's calls for greater defense spending.

Moreover, the Russians have indicated that they would not welcome a more flexible American policy in Africa with open arms. When Chester Bowles, a top Kennedy foreign-policy adviser, suggested a more vigorous American policy in Africa based on channeling aid through the United Nations, he was attacked as a big businessman interested only in finding a new flag under which discredited American monopolists could continue to exploit Africa. The entire plan came in for sharp criticism as part of a "general imperialist plan for the enslavement of Africa."

ALTHOUGH the Russians prefer for the moment to ignore these aspects of the new Democratic administration, they appear to sense a tougher challenge from Kennedy than they might have expected from Nixon. They are starting out on a note of cautious optimism by treating Kennedy as the political grandson of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Ideally, they would prefer an administration that is really devoted to "peace." For Khrushchev seems to realize that though history may be on his side, Kennedy could give history a little trouble.



THE NEW YORK I KNOW:

VI. The White Cross

MARYA MANNES

I BELIEVE in the immortality of rooms. Though it was torn down thirty years ago, I can still walk through the apartment of my youth on Amsterdam Avenue and see every single thing in it. It is suspended in the air, forever held intact through time. One corner of it, seven floors high, looking south on Amsterdam and west to Broadway, is like the bridge of a ship, or a crow's nest. There on a window seat, with the grand piano behind me and the Louvre "Victory" on a pedestal to the left, I looked every evening around six to see my father come out of the subway three blocks away and walk home. All day he taught violin at his settlement school on 3rd Street, and we—my mother often watched for him with me—would know by his walk what the day had done to him. The thin, tall, graceful figure would either stride those blocks lightly or plod them slowly; his head high or his shoulders stooped. The moment he neared our corner, our white Persian cat (who was not looking) would bound to the front door and wait there till he opened it.

Still there, suspended, is the dining room full of golden oak, the only remembered lapse in taste, where we ate, argued, and studied at night, my brother at calculus while I was subtracting, my brother at Ovid while I was at Thackeray. There, swinging between the folding doors of my passage-bedroom, is the trapeze where I hung. There, at the end of the long dark hall, is the room of my brother, where a sort of pantry exhaled the results of chemical experiment. There, on the other side of this rambling place, is the adult sanctuary of my parents, a small room (inviolable) full of photographs of musicians, affectionately signed. The apartment is full of the sound of music: Brahms and Beethoven and Mozart sonatas halted by arguments in rising voices or played in the serenity of union; Schumann and Rachmaninoff practiced by my brother; my own erratic fumbling at the keys; a quartet, a quintet, a trio with visitors. The air on the seventh floor on Amsterdam Avenue still rings.

Today the city is full of the ghosts of rooms. From some the body has only just departed, the eyes are crossed with white Xs, the dark shell yawns empty behind them. Some have already met with violence and been laid open like skinned animals, their private secrets indecently bare. There by the mounting zigzag of absent stairs, you see the wallpapers, different on every landing. Someone chose the apple blossoms, someone the yellow, someone the green, the pink. "It will go nice with the rug," someone said, or "Let's match the

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sofa." The open black mouths of fireplaces are there, warming no one.

Some rooms have already gone into the pauper's grave of rubble. But so long as the men and women who live in them are alive, they are as much a part of New York as the glassy cylinders that have supplanted them.

WHAT is this daily, hourly loss that the city sustains, and what is the gain it bows to? Last year nearly eleven thousand dwelling units were demolished by wreckers, and the new construction under way or planned involves over seven billion dollars. New York is in the throes of the greatest building boom in its history, a convulsion equal to the wrinkling of the earth's skin by interior forces, a transformation so rapid and so immense that the native of New York becomes a stranger in a new city, all landmarks fled. The little restaurant in the side street, frequented one month ago, is now a hole. The shoemaker's two blocks up is black and empty, awaiting demolition. The walls of a solid-seeming apartment house hide an interior wholly gutted. Where the tailor, the stationer, the florist used to be, where trimmings and pins and ribbons were sold, is a wall made of doors to hide the grinding scoop of the excavator.

What is marked for death in New York? The little, the old, the malfunctioning; the decayed, the unsightly, the verminous; the impractically spacious and the intimately charming; the unexpected, the irregular, the unorthodox. All these are doomed by the inexorable law of economics: the more valuable the land, the more use must be made of it. Against this no other value has power, least of all sentiment and those smaller human pleasures which have sustained man through his immemorial woes.

Exactly what are these pleasures? On Madison Avenue, for instance, five little houses stand on the southeastern end of 65th Street. One is blue-green, one is pink, one is buff, and two are terra-cotta. The moldings, the window spacement, the doorways and the shop fronts are different in each: together they formed a gay and cozy row, inviting the shopper to browse for bags or jewels or china or scarves or antiques, relieving the eye from the upward pressure of height and unbroken façades. The windows of all are crossed with white.

Their doomed counterparts are in nearly every street of the upper East Side, and having once lived in them I know what they have: surprises. White marble Victorian fireplaces with arched and molded openings; very little rooms abutting on very large rooms; strange closets tucked under stairs; back windows opening on patterns of ailanthus and, below, someone else's little garden, sooty but private. In summer these rooms are filled with green light, in winter laced with sun intercepted by branches, or white with a muffling snow. The stairs are steep, the land-

ings not always clean, the plumbing reluctant. The scurrying cockroach rouses a flick of disgust. There is always something to be fixed, something shabby, something broken. There is no valid protection from intruders, no doorman buffer, no one to receive deliveries or bring up the mail. But it is all in human scale, matching the diversities of man, comforting his difference. If there is no protection, there is the compensating freedom from surveillance. Who is to know who turns the key, whose tread is on the stairs, who sleeps interlocked, who leaves at dawn? Love feeds on enclosure. What does love do in the brilliant modern lobbies of stone and glass, observed by others? How secret are the hurrying feet down white-lit corridors padded like halls for the insane? The doomed brownstones were better fitted for passion.

They were better fitted for bars. It takes years and the right degree of deterioration to set the mood for a certain kind of drinking. Dark walls, dim lights, scarred mahogany bars, and the long impregnation of smoke and talk and tears and argument and laughter and, above all, of toleration, combined to make the sanctuary of the Third Avenue saloon. Here it is possible both to hide and reveal in company; to nurse impossible grief or unburden unspeakable hurt. Here a man can talk as he never talks to his wife, here a woman can be no better than she knows she is, and often worse. The old bars are forcing grounds for the emotions, escape valves for pressure, areas for personal statement. They house the wisdom of the crazed as well as the aberration of the wise, forming no judgment. They have gone, they are going, they will go. Good riddance, some say: excuses for waste and excess and havens for weakness. Dirty on top of that, and certainly ugly. But where do the harbored go when the harbor's gone? Can they stand the light?

THE WHITE CROSS is on the massively respectable as well; on apartment houses far better built, far kinder to human dimensions than what will supplant them; on the great, sober mansions of the fifty-year-dead rich. Some of them are spared for institutions or diplomacy, but the heavily ornamental masonry of many, so much a part of the old New York, so frank a monument to pride in affluence, has already been obliterated except in the minds of the middle-aged men and women who spent their childhoods within them and remember, always, the parties in the ballrooms and the remote seclusion of the nursery. The servants who swept and polished the thirty rooms, who carried trays for endless steps from kitchen to bedroom to dining room to study, are long since dead. They would not mourn the passing of these places, for the kind of pride they felt in their service has died with them, and all they would remember was servitude.

But the white crosses cancel out not only these milder nostalgias along with the many present and

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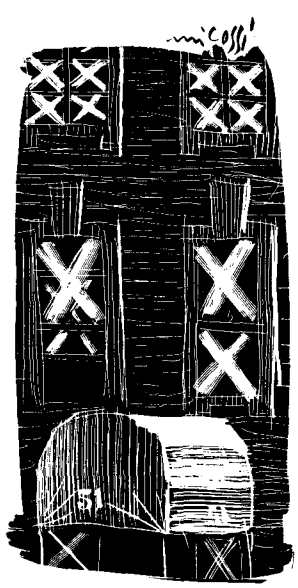
positive human values. The wreckers are also deliverers of the city. They scrape out the cancerous tissue of slums, of places long since unfit for human habitation if not for instruments of greed. You can see the Xs now on rows of old dirt-darkened buildings with iron fire escapes scratched across their sullen faces; on the upper West Side and the lower East Side, and the upper East Side, in Harlem, in the West Fifties, in Greenwich Village. Some of these houses sheltered the earlier immigrants, Irish, German, Italian, Czech; but they were newer then and the city was cleaner. There were no parked cars for the garbage and papers to accumulate under, and enough White Wings to accomplish, by the simple efforts of arms and brooms, what mechanized sprinklers and brushers cannot do. And since many of the immigrants came from a tidy and self-respecting middle class, their windows were washed and their stoops swabbed daily, their hallways painted yearly. But then, they did not live as their inheritors live, four to a room, nor were these rooms left to rot. The newer immigrants have only made worse what was already bad, and the passing of these houses is nothing to mourn. They deface the city and degrade the citizen. And when they are flattened rubble, the great spaces where they used to stand are less like a war-blasted city than like a drawing of deep breath. The openness is a temporary benediction. It is also a reminder of a basic human need which New York cannot afford to satisfy: perspective, the balm of distance. New Yorkers without sight of park or rivers know only foreground; their eyes are forever bullied by the immediate.

IT IS PAINFUL to watch the wrecking of the old and good: when the great iron ball crashes into a fine old cornice it is like a savage blow in a defenseless aging groin. But when it buckles the walls of a filthy tenement with a roaring cascade of bricks and a cloud of dust, the heart leaps up. Smash it, smash it, and clear the ground of evil.

In some ways, the pause between the thunder of ruin and the clatter of rise is the best time of all. The great space cleared for Lincoln Center was filled with promise, where each could imagine the future. The deep holes in Manhattan rock are in themselves fascinating, with water and mud showing in pits and fissures, the excavating jaws gnashing their way through resistant cliffs of stone and rubble, and the helmeted men mysteriously occupied on antlike missions. They are timeless; they are building the Pyramids or the Parthenon.

Only they are not. What they do is another kind of miracle: the collective translation of a collective dream, in two dimensions on blue paper, to three dimensions in blue sky. Out of the chaotic depths grows a single organism, a hollow stalagmite that pierces the air.

In the hourly, daily multiplication of this miracle, Manhattan gained in 1959 alone nearly five million square feet of office space and nearly fourteen thousand new housing units, against the eleven demolished; a gain primarily for the rich. Those left homeless by demolition could never afford the luxury units replacing their shelters. Since what was put up is much higher than what was torn down, New York is more steeply vertical than ever before. Yet the tall new buildings alter the profile of the city as a whole much less than they do their



immediate context. From the Upper Bay the native New Yorker can spot the new Chase Manhattan shaft, blunting slightly the cluster of pinnacles, and from Central Park the new Equitable Life monolith. But already they seem a natural element of design—so natural that their newness fades the minute they are inhabited and functioning.

IT IS the *feeling* of New York that they are altering, profoundly, street by street. For the excitement of Manhattan, the optical spur, is diversity, in total contradiction to the prevailing beauty of European capitals, whether London, Paris, or Rome, which is homogeneity. New York has a beat of its own, faster than most but still regular. But as in jazz, the bridging improvisations are in wildly erratic tempi. Even more like the cardiogram of a faulty heart, the eye twitches constantly from low to high to lower to low to higher, leaping one minute from the gabled top of a plaster-fronted four-story house to a forty-eight-story box of steel and glass; from a remodeled brownstone fashionably shorn of cornices to a huge white battlement of luxury flats with jutting terraces. In this planless variety, this incongruity of accident, lies the peculiar fascination of the city—a fascination steadily threatened by the new homogeneity rising about us everywhere.

You have only to look at Park Avenue between 58th Street and 47th Street to know what this is: a shining gantlet of glass, without expression or response. Clean and high and bright and sometimes handsome, like the Lever and Union Carbide Buildings, they are like the surrealist façades of a dream in which oneself, a single figure, runs down infinite vistas crying to be heard. But no one answers. No one can, because these new glass skins are tightly sealed. No window opens, no air flows in, no sound comes out. The people inside are flies in amber: between them and the outer world there is no communication or contact. In all this sterilization and insulation there is, I think, an emotional deadness that not even the bright clean colors and clear sharp forms of the modern interior can circumvent. It is possible that this noncommitment is the perfect atmosphere for the efficient functioning of business, of which the new glass buildings rising everywhere are indeed the temples: showcases for the technology of production and selling. For those who work in them, their spanking modernity must be as gratifying as their manifold conven-

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iences. But if their captivity under glass, their insulation in space, does them no harm, I wonder what it does to the outsider who walks by daily. He may be on a stringent visual diet that impoverishes his eye, matched by an emotional malnutrition that contracts his spirit. Whether he knows it or not, he is missing the gentle prods of pleasure that the little old crummy rows, the occasional mansion, the fancy façades once gave him. He has no roughage.

And what of the new apartment houses? I myself live in one of the oldest, with ceilings fourteen feet high, three-foot walls, heavy brass hinges and doorknobs, and, in lobbies and landings, acres of waste space. The kitchen is small but it has a wide-open view, flooded with light. There is only one bathroom, but it is spacious. The elevators rise—slowly—by water power, but with their wood and brass fretwork they look like pavilions rather than coffins. Outside the windows the chubby stone obelisks and ledges and cornices serve no function but the nesting and resting of pigeons, yet without them the distance would lose much enchantment: they are a splendidly incongruous frame for the clean modern slabs far off. Withal, there is a sense of peace and remoteness and refuge in this elaborate old building—almost a removal in time—that bestows dignity on the occupant. He can stand at full stature without touching anything. Or he can sing in full voice and not be heard by his neighbors.

ARCHITECTS could not—and should not—repeat this pattern now. Economy and aesthetics rule against it and their statements must be new to match the time. But when I visit one of the gleaming white apartment houses recently finished, my appreciation of the new techniques of living, the functional gain, is matched by a sense of poverty. The rooms may be large but they are entirely predictable; there is a distinct limit to what you can do to them, for the dimensions dictate the disposition of furniture. In the old apartment houses, as in brownstones, capricious corners and unexpected hallways allow imagination range: you can do a number of different things in the same space. But the newest apartments strike me like filing cabinets for the human species, one to a drawer, equipped with everything needed for living except that mysterious marriage of man and environment called mood. Space has become mechanical rather than mystical.

The exteriors of these new apartment houses, however, are often vast improvements over their predecessors, particularly the colorless, faceless Park Avenue kind. Manhattan

House, on East 66th Street, is an exciting block, brilliantly white in the daytime with its jutting terraces, brightly golden at night, with the particular quality of glamour you find in a huge ocean liner with all her lights on in a black sea: the apartments seem to ride the darkened streets. Even in the less imaginative developments, the simple whiteness is good for the New York air and light and sky; it imposes cheer and cleanliness on the neighborhood.

But here too, the gain is matched by a definite loss. The shops on the ground floors of most of these apartment houses are as bright and predictable as their shabby predecessors were cluttered and enticing. Predictably too, their wares are twice as expensive. You cannot browse in this hygienic order, you can only buy: a boon to the seller, no doubt, but a deprivation to the citizen.

It won't be long before all New York is made of these: street after street of modern shops at the foot of great white cliffs, of towering slabs of steel and aluminum and glass that reflect each other and the passing clouds, of walls of dark green glass that look (as they do in the Steuben Building) like the solid bank of water that slides with infinite smoothness over the ledge of a dam. All this means excitement and thrust and power and plenty: on a bright November day it is impossible to be unmoved by it, or unconscious of the immense will and effort and talent gone into their building, of the restless vitality filling their interior space.

BUT it is possible to forget the central core of their meaning to this city: the daily pouring in and out of this narrow throttled island of a million more people who must work, eat, ride, walk, and drive within its confines. Economics makes the builders callous: they think more of profits than people, of the present than the future, of the immediate need than the ultimate necessity. Only the very few are prepared to pay an enormous price to surround their mammoth towers with open space to let the people breathe: the plazas around the Seagram Building, the court of Lever House, the projected malls and parks of Lincoln Center—these point the way to salvation in what is left to build.

For years, change will be the order of Manhattan, upheaval the climate of all New Yorkers. If this is bracing to promoters and exhilarating to the young, it confuses, tires, and worries the old. The noise, the dirt, and the disruption alone would do this to them, but the shifting of ground under their feet is spiritual as well as physical. They are part of the doomed buildings, and every attack on these is an assault on them. They feel the cataract of crosses on their eyes, and the blind and empty rooms leave their hearts cavernous and deserted. And when the bulldozers finally grind the old houses to dust, their bones are mixed with it.

Perhaps it is just as well. New York is for those without memory: the young.

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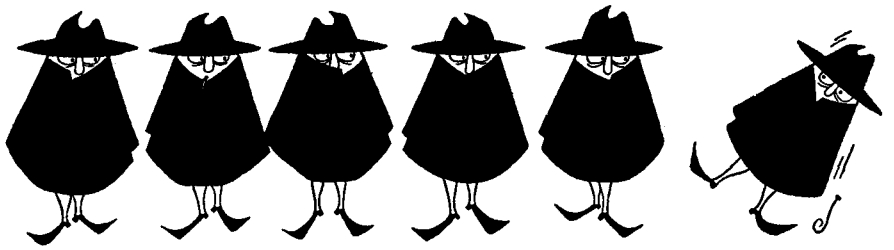

Five Thousand Spies a Month

DANIEL SCHORR

BONN

ONE LEARNS to live with espionage in West Germany, a country that counts a fifth of its population as refugees, repatriates, and expellees from German-speaking regions now under Communist rule; a country that, as a matter of proud policy, still maintains an open door and full citizenship rights for political fugitives from East Germany. Postwar frontiers cut across families and friendships; two tangled decades of war and its aftermath blur political loyalties. In a country divided by fiat but not by language or tradition, a spy needs little disguise. And he need not be dropped by parachute or picked up by submarine when he can travel back and forth through Berlin unmolested.

So it is that West Germany is vulnerable to what western experts call the most massive intelligence effort ever directed against a single country. Of the fifteen thousand refugees who come from East Germany each month, it is estimated that as many as thirty per cent have been approached in advance by the Communist intelligence apparatus to act as spies. Others are recruited after arrival here by threats against the relatives they left behind. West Germans with relatives in the East are blackmailed the same way.

Financial inducements are offered, too—preferential treatment for West German businessmen who will do spying on the side, or money payments to underpaid civil servants. A source of amazement to counterintelligence officials is the low wage that a spy will work for. A woman secretary is sometimes satisfied with three or four hundred marks a month for tidbits of confidential information, perhaps supplemented with the romantic attentions of an agent.

It is officially estimated that there are 16,500 Communist agents operating in West Germany today—ninety per cent of them for East Germany, the rest for networks centered in other satellites or the Soviet Union.

The dropout rate is high among the amateurs and the halfhearted. Two hundred a month are uncovered, many of them simply through public appeals to come forward and unburden their consciences under promises of immunity from prosecution. Others have to be caught—1,800 of them in the past eight years convicted and sentenced, most to relatively mild terms of two or three years in prison.

Spying Is Routine

No court has a more crowded calendar than the Federal tribunal in Karlsruhe, which handles spy cases almost as an American court would handle traffic violations.

Occasionally there is a flutter of publicity over an unusually sensational case, such as that of a defense ministry secretary accused of systematically turning over her stenographic pads with military secrets to a Communist agent. She had been cleared for confidential work although her file showed she had a child in Leipzig, East Germany. But for the most part, the existence of widespread espionage in the Federal Republic had taken on a sort of grisly normalcy—until the Frenzel case.

Alfred Frenzel, sixty-one years old, Social Democratic deputy in the Bundestag for Augsburg and a Sudeten German refugee from Czechoslovakia, with a married daughter still living in Prague, was arrested on October 28 in the Parliament Building. He was charged with treason. Under the West German constitution, parliamentary immunity from arrest does not apply if a deputy is caught red-handed or within twenty-four hours of committing a crime.

Frenzel was said to have been arrested shortly after turning over secret information to agents of a Czech spy ring, as he allegedly had been doing for years. The Ministry of Interior stated that he made an immediate confession, and later Frenzel resigned his seat in the Bundestag with a letter to the speaker in which he called himself "unworthy" of serving in the house.

Frenzel was no mere backbencher. A zealous and assiduous party worker in his new homeland, he had risen to deputy chairman of the Social Democratic Party for South Bavaria. He was chairman of the Bundestag's Restitution Committee, which is concerned with the restoration of property to Hitler's victims. And he was a member of the Bundestag's Defense Committee, a function that gave him access to secret military information.

It was not the first time that espionage had penetrated West Germany's parliament. In 1954 Christian Democratic Deputy Karl Franz Schmidt-Wittmack defected to East Germany, for which he had been spying. The circumstances of the Frenzel case, however, the magnitude of the betrayal, and the sensitive domestic situation in a pre-election year combined to make this West Germany's most sensational spy case to date. It also brought a whole series of grave issues to the surface and forced the Federal Republic to look deeply into itself—an appraisal that has so far produced more questions than answers.

WHAT is the relation between the government and the parliament? In this eleven-year-old democracy, today's precedents will become tomorrow's traditions. Strong-willed Konrad Adenauer, the only chancellor

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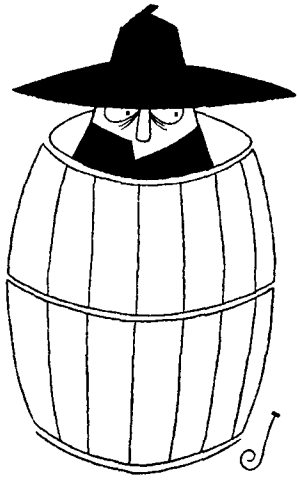
the Federal Republic has known, has tended to overshadow the parliament. Now it will become harder than ever for the Bundestag to assert itself.

The Frenzel case, says the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, is "bitter for everybody, but especially for the Bundestag." And *Die Welt* says that the Bundestag's prestige has "suffered severely."

Only recently, West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt, the Social Democratic candidate for chancellor in next year's election, was complaining that the government did not give parliament enough information on defense policy. Now, Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss looks like a hero for having withheld information.

Herr Strauss told me that he had refused to submit to the Defense



Committee the basic blueprint for Western European defense, NATO Document MC-70. "I did explain to the committee the German requirements under the NATO plan, and I gave the details for each year—for 1959, for 1960, and, unfortunately, for 1961. I have always been criticized for oversecrecy. Now I am extremely happy that I have discharged my legal obligation without exceeding the safe limit."

Would it be safer to entrust military information to parliament members if they underwent a security check first? The minister rejected the idea. "It is extremely hard for the executive branch to investigate members of the legislature without becoming involved in partisan recriminations. For example, one might refuse full clearance to a deputy who had a relative behind the Iron Curtain. But it would be difficult to explain that this did not imply an accusation against the deputy himself, and there would be partisan repercussions.

"No," Strauss concluded, "it is all a matter of confidence, and that confidence has been broken." And so a government that shrinks from investigating members of parliament decides for itself when it has confidence in parliament. And one more blow has been struck against a legislature that already has trouble keeping up with the Executive.

Tempting Ammunition

Will the espionage issue envenom West Germany's election campaign, which is threatening to become the bitterest and dirtiest yet?

On lower levels, the ruling Christion Democratic Party has already been suggesting the line that a postwar returnee like Brandt is less reliable than an Adenauer, who remained in Germany during the war. It has made much of the role of Herbert Wehner, a former Communist, who is a leader of the Social Democratic Party.

If one can forget that the Christian Democrats had their traitor in Schmidt-Wittmack six years ago, the Frenzel case is tempting ammunition, especially since his trial next year is likely to coincide with the peak of the election campaign.

It may or may not be an accident that Frenzel's arrest was first disclosed by Minister of Justice Fritz Schaeffer at a Christian Democratic rally in Munich. The semi-official government organ *Politische-soziale Korrespondenz* has said that Social Democratic opposition to NATO and German rearmament in previous years "fostered a political climate in the party ranks" that was conducive to acts of conscientious treason such as Frenzel's.

West Germany's hothouse democracy is less well prepared than America's to withstand a campaign in which one party is labeled a traitor. Unless saner counsel asserts itself, the possibilities are explosive.

What can West Germany do to defend itself against espionage? It is generally recognized that the Federal Republic is the leakiest dike in Western defense, but plugging the holes would involve some distasteful decisions.

Controls at the East German border would mean a break with the basic principle that West Germany does not recognize the division of Germany or of Berlin. To bar those with relatives behind the Iron Curtain from confidential positions would be to brand hundreds of thousands with a special mark of shame. Many persons who would be considered security risks in the United States or Britain are employed here because of the labor shortage and because West Germany simply lacks the huge security apparatus that would be necessary to follow the twisted trails of personal histories through wartime and postwar upheaval. Even more basic is the fact that security is inhibited by West Germany's revulsion against the Gestapo—a vivid memory—and a general distaste for snooping.

IT IS SYMBOLIC of the desire for respectability that West Germany's counterintelligence organization calls itself the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution. Under Hubert Schruebbers, who succeeded defector Otto John in 1955, this office has conducted itself with scrupulous regard for civil rights.

Security procedures will undoubtedly be tightened somewhat. Government departments may be a little more circumspect about whom they employ for confidential jobs. But from all present appearances, this republic, self-consciously trying to live down its Nazi past, is not ready to institute the massive security apparatus that would be needed to cope with the massive Communist infiltration. And if the country remains a happy hunting ground for spies, so be it!

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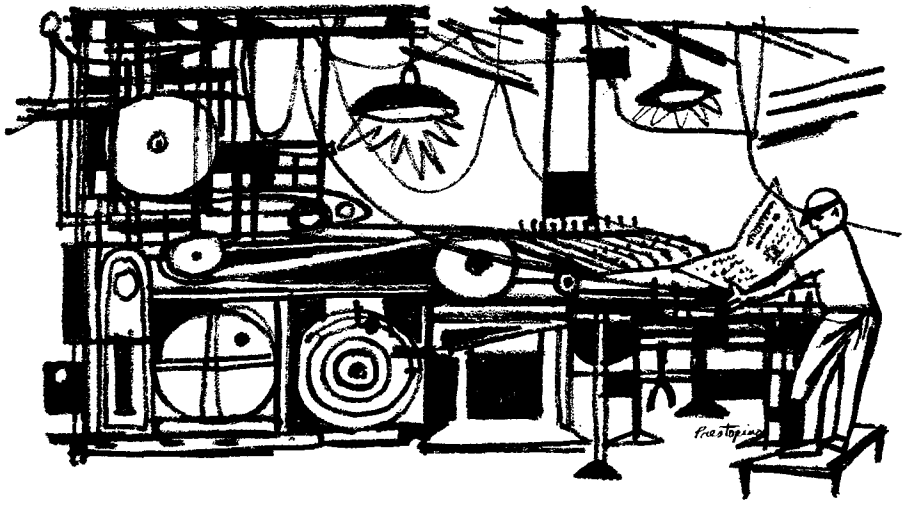

Chain-Store Journalism

LOUIS M. LYONS

When the *Columbia Forum* brought out an article last spring by Arnold Beichman with the provocative title "Our Irrelevant Newspapers," it raised temperatures in many city rooms. When the October *Harper's* published Peter Braestrup's charge that Boston newspapers have failed their city, Boston editors retorted that the New York reporter didn't understand Boston or take account of its uniquely competitive situation. But Herbert Brucker, editor of the Hartford *Courant,* found no comfort in the disappearance of newspaper competition in most cities. "Is the Press Writing Its Obituary?" he asked in the *Saturday Review,* as he reviewed the mournful record of newspaper mergers. Now his old Hartford neighbor, Carl E. Lindstrom, has distilled his forty years of newspapering in a book with the dismal title *The Fading American Newspaper* (Doubleday).

These dim views of our journalistic scene are all by newspapermen. They appear to add up to what such a buoyant and successful publisher as Mark Ethridge of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* describes in his 1960 Pulitzer Lecture at Columbia as a fateful crisis in the American newspaper.

Lindstrom says that newspapers in most cities no longer serve to keep their readers informed. Their editorials no longer lead or inspire or persuade. The editorial vacuum has been filled by syndicated columns, bought, like comic strips and other features, to make a package that is cheaper to merchandise than the work of an adequate staff. What Lindstrom sees going out of the newspaper is the vitality of a community institution. This suggests what Erwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor* was talking about when, as president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, he warned of a "crisis of confidence" in the press.

Lindstrom cites the continuing record of newspaper mergers as a measure of failure. Like Ethridge, he notes a failure of the newspaper industry to keep pace with either technological or journalistic change, indeed to devote any considerable research to its own problems. In most of the American press he finds a depressing mediocrity of stereotypes and a lack of discrimination, taste, and liveliness. He lays this condition to the business management, which fails, he says, to recognize the importance of informed reporting and independent editorial discussion. Manpower is concentrated on routine "beats" where much news is self-generating.

Lindstrom's is not a blanket indictment. In the Midwest, he misses the fuller dimensions of reporting in a few great papers on the Eastern seaboard. Beyond that he notes regional exceptions and appreciates the vitality and independence of the papers of Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Des Moines, and of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Lindstrom's exceptions remind me of a personal embarrassment of 1952. A book about newspapers was sent me for review in early fall. In the blithe days of September, I easily went along with the author's thesis that political reporting was growing more impartial. I even offered a judgment that no Presidential campaign had ever been more candidly reported. But by mischance my September review was not published until November, when the tension of October had raised the charge of a "one-party press." A sad letter came from Elmer Davis, grieving over my lost intelligence.

"You are spoiled by living on the Atlantic seaboard," he wrote. "As far as I can see, every major city from Washington north had one or more papers that covered the campaign fairly. But I have had many hundreds of letters from other parts of the country which said, 'Thank you for giving us the news that our Republican newspapers won't print.' "

The sterile stretches of American journalism that Mr. Lindstrom describes are not unrelated to the recent disclosure of the outlook of Eugene C. Pulliam, publisher of six newspapers from Indianapolis to Phoenix. When he picked an editor for his largest paper from the staff of an eccentric right-wing magazine, Pulliam was quoted: "I've combed the whole country. There are lots of good journalists around but they're all cockeyed left-wingers."

Anyone can observe what the left-wing influence on the American newspaper scene amounts to. This big publisher is announcing that he wants no taint of modern ideas on his papers. Some other publishers are less outspoken about it. Such a reminder of the mentality of a pub-

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lisher of a string of papers across the heart of the country defeats the lifelong efforts of conscientious newsmen to avoid cynicism about their craft. It underscores the utter dependence of great communities on the chance of the kind of publisher who controls their chief channels of information and "public opinion."

The reason for newspaper mergers, to a degree where competition has become the exception, is given as rising costs in a period when the newspapers must share the advertisers' dollar with television and magazines. One might suppose an expanding economy would spread the advertisers' dollar too. Indeed, this very period has seen the swift expansion of the newspaper empire of S. I. Newhouse, the modern Munsey, who has been buying any big papers he could get his hands on at almost any price. He's been getting rich on it, too, enough to give away millions. One suspects that unmentioned difficulties of the metropolitan newspapers have been the stalling of their distribution in their own city traffic, and the dispersal of their readers to the further suburbs.

The only area where newspaper circulation has gained materially has been in the suburban press. Many of these out-of-town papers are only variations of a shoppers' guide. But the most notably successful, such as *Newsday* on Long Island and the Quincy (Massachusetts) *Patriot Ledger,* have re-created a sense of community in these areas of confused metropolitan sprawl, thereby recovering what the big-city papers have lost in the disintegration of the urban community. One may well believe that this relation to its community is vital to a newspaper.

The dissolution of our metropolitan communities has been both a cause and an effect of the increasing tendency to run newspapers like chain stores, by their balance sheets. Just as the sense of community will have to be restored to maintain the vitality of a mass society, so the newspaper that is to survive as a viable institution will have to rediscover its relation to a true community. Ethridge suggests this may work out in smaller papers, of a quality the reader will pay more for. The ultimate answer may lie "in the English pattern of small papers with high advertising and circulation rates," he says. ". . . We are going to have to . . . charge what newspapers are worth."

Somehow it does prove possible for distinguished papers to survive to serve a small clientele in England, as has not happened here. Time and space in America, we are told, prevent such a national reach for a natural community of readers. But if the *Wall Street Journal,* and now the *Christian Science Monitor,* can distribute nationally from several printing plants, it is hard to see why some other papers of distinction might not seek a sufficient circulation at large.

The limitation most usually cited is the necessity of a local advertising base, which is another way of saying it can be done only if the reader will pay more of the cost. He should; it would insure the independence of his paper. It is too easy to blame the readers for the ills of our mass media, as Frank Luther Mott seems to in his recent *Saturday Review* article, "A Twentieth-Century Monster: The Mass Audience." In most places the reader has no choice. Mark Ethridge finds that in twenty states no city has competing papers and eleven more have only one city with competition.

Newspapers are not thriving under these conditions. Ethridge shows that newspaper circulation has gained only half as much as population in thirty years. The eleven largest Sunday papers have lost two and a half million circulation the past ten years. These years have seen both a sharp decline in the number of separate newspapers and a sharp rise in the number of chains, until the chains now control more than half the daily circulation. We saw one consequence of chain operation in early October. One night an order from Hearst headquarters voted all fifteen of the Hearst papers for Mr. Nixon; the editorial was dictated over the wire, the same words in Mr. Kennedy's home town of Boston as in Mr. Nixon's California. A week later a similar wire voted all the nineteen Scripps-Howard papers the same way. This is not precisely local autonomy.

Ethridge doesn't believe that competition from the entertainment world of TV need be fatal to newspapers if they work at the solid information and interpretation job that TV is less equipped to do. Ethridge sees nothing mysterious in what ails the press: "Give me a newspaper that prints the news fully, fairly and fearlessly, interprets it intelligently and comments upon it vigorously, and I will take my chances that those other things for which publishers are responsible—fiscal soundness, economic independence and public acceptance—will be added in satisfactory measure."

But he is concerned, as are the schools of journalism, over the leakage of top talent from the press to TV and other communications fields. The schools should worry more, as some do, about the failure of the newspaper to attract its share of talent from the campuses each June. Few newspapers do any recruiting, as all the modern industries do; fewer have any training program to offer recruits. For the most part there is no intelligible approach for the college graduate to seek newspaper employment. Many who explore it give up in bewilderment. Others who had imbibed the legend of crusading zeal of old-time editors are disillusioned by the limited outlook of the people they would be working for. If journalism is just a job, they can do better in public relations. Some journalism schools have changed their name to recognize the more remunerative allied fields. This is easier than accepting their long-deferred responsibility of leadership and professional criticism.

The conformity of the chains to a central-office pattern is of course only the most obvious indicator of the conformity that runs through almost all of the big newspapers on all basic issues. It is an invisible thread in our national consciousness. James Reston of the New York *Times,* well situated to know, has noted the absence of criticism in the press of the Eisenhower administration. This is a constant in our public opinion, a conforming to conservatism that has become so habitual as to be unconscious.

If a certain singleness of editorial outlook seems riveted on the press by its business control, it is nevertheless offset in degree by the box-

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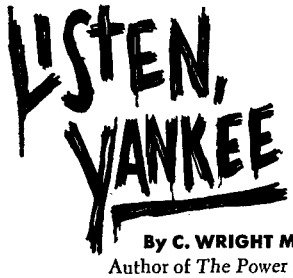

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office value of the syndicated columnist, who may be independent and may be liberal. Such columnists as Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop doubtless have more impact on the readers of many newspapers than do the editorials. This provides some balance.

Very many publishers, however, buy only columnists who echo their own views This is a serious damper on American public opinion, which is further handicapped by the inadequacy of our foreign correspondence in an ever more difficult and confusing world. And even in domestic affairs, few papers have specialists capable of analyzing the increasing complexity of issues.

FAMILY OWNERSHIP of the American newspaper, which long resisted the familiar corporate structure of most business, had seemed the surest guarantee of the continuance of the character of independent newspapers. This is still true in notable instances, and these newspapers treat their readers seriously. It is true of the successors of Adolph Ochs in the New York *Times,* of the Pulitzers in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Danielses in Raleigh, the Cowleses in Minneapolis, the Binghams in Louisville, the heirs of Lucius Nieman in the Milwaukee *Journal,* of Charles H. Taylor in the Boston *Globe,* the publishers of the Washington *Star* and the Washington *Post,* and some others. They exhibit a sense of responsibility for the character of the newspaper as an institution of the community. Until recently it seemed possible that their example would lead other publishers increasingly to accept a relationship to their papers similar to that of trustees to a university, to protect its independence and build its strength to serve.

But family ownership has proved vulnerable, due to the consequences of our common mortality. Control has sometimes been vested in trustees, and divisions have arisen within owning families. These conditions have opened the way for outside purchase by entrepreneurs like Newhouse. But in some other places the local heirs to family-held newspapers seem just to have grown tired. It is hard to imagine the Tafts and their neighbors letting control of all the newspapers of Cincinnati pass to the outside ownership of the Scripps-Howard chain. But it did happen there, as it has in other cities.

Of course the standardization of the press has not been the only factor diluting the individual characteristics of our community life. But a newspaper is such a strategic institution that what devitalizes its character weakens its community.

It is probably true that most of the newspapers that have survived the pressures to merge have been strengthened by the elimination of competition. How that is to be balanced against the loss of diversity of viewpoint and the constriction of our channels of communication depends on your priority of values. It is true that under responsible control, the "monopoly" newspapers have been freed from the downpull of competition in sensationalism and have been able to present the news in the perspective of their own professional editorial judgment, uninhibited by fear of what "that yellow rag across the street" may do. But with all the news and its interpretation under one control, the community is terribly dependent on the kind of publisher it gets.

READERS are most conscious of the publisher's absolute control of "public opinion" at election time. The publisher in his political attitude represents what the British call "the Establishment," or our sociologists "the local power setup." It is usually not advertiser influence that presses him to the conservative side, or even wholly his own economic stake as big taxpayer and big employer. Rather it is his consciousness of representing the part of the community closest to him, the Downtown Club, his fellow trustees and directors and vestrymen of the institutions he supports. Few big-business publishers are mavericks, as many of our picturesque old-time editors were. The newspaper in their hands becomes a conventional institution, parallel to the Chamber of Commerce, the Community Fund Council, and the First National Bank, to which they are usually in hock for twenty years for that $18-million new plant they were forced to put up outside the traffic jams that strangled distribution from their old

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plant. "How many people have got $18 million?" a big publisher plaintively asks.

The commitment to the bank for such enormous new capital outlay is a reason often given for failure to launch new editorial enterprises. Revenues have reached a peak, in the publisher's mind, because he feels unable to raise advertising rates, lest he lose an even larger slice of the advertisers' dollar to the more dramatic competition of television. He has raised the reader price to five, seven, eight cents, and looks to the dime as an attainable ceiling. But this is only to catch up, not to finance a foreign service, to strengthen staff resources, or to set standards of taste in his community by informed criticism of books, music, theater, the arts, or even of public planning.

The publisher feels in a bind that forces him to make whatever savings can be secured by relying more on syndicated features and wire-service news, which shrink the individuality and enterprise of the paper.

The current trend is toward ever more mergers—some have occurred while this piece was on the typewriter—and thus to increasing concentration of control. The ultimate economy the publisher sees is a round-the-clock operation, publishing a morning and evening paper in the same plant, with no local competition. This is indeed the primary objective of mergers, and in all but a handful of cities it is already achieved, or on the drawing boards.

The American sentiment against monopoly or near-monopoly has not got us very far in other fields, even though the government is armed with anti-trust weapons. It is not apt to be effective in the newspaper business until there are technological developments, not now in sight, to cut down the tremendous capital requirement. Or else there will have to be a public awareness of the importance of diversity and independence—not in sight either—that will bring support of smaller newspapers that can be more representative of the diverse elements in American life. For these the reader will have to pay a higher price—the price of independence from the revenues of mass advertising. Until then, except in rarely fortunate communities, the reader will have to look beyond the daily press, as many have learned to do, for fuller dimensions and more independence of discussion of public issues.

This is not at all to say that the daily paper has no vital function or that it is not in many instances performing it competently; only that it is limiting its role to less than the readers' needs.

A Long Way from Houston

NAT HENTOFF

SAM ("LIGHTNIN' ") HOPKINS is a gaunt blues singer and guitarist in the dying tradition of Blind Lemon Jefferson, Texas Alexander, and other Southern Negroes who found they could escape the cotton-picking servility of country life by singing for nickels and dimes on city streets, eventually working at dances and bars, and maybe making extra money from quick recordings. They sang stories about their own lives and knew that their listeners would have no trouble understanding and sympathizing with the lyrics.

Economically, the blues players lived a more precarious existence than their neighbors, preferring to take their chances in the night world of gamblers, pimps, and hard-drinking laborers out for a few explosive hours away from "Mister Charlie." Like his predecessors, Hopkins is proud that although he has lived in Texas most of his life, he has had little to do "with people that call me 'boy' and then wait for me to say 'yessuh.' I stay with my own people. I have all my fun and I have my trouble with them."

Hopkins is close to the last of his line. Negro youngsters, including those in the South, have long been exposed to more sophisticated ways of expressing the blues. Those with musical capacity go into jazz ("not deep enough," says Lightnin') or a career in commercial pop music. Most young Negroes regard Lightnin' as old-fashioned. They tend to associate a harsh country voice and an unorthodox guitar style with the "old times" from which they want to get as far away as they can. When Lightnin' and such of his contemporaries as John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, and Sunnyland Slim are dead, there will be no one to replace them. The blues will continue, but without the unhurried beat, raw warmth, and unself-conscious down-home imagery of the adventurers from the country.

OF THOSE country-reared blues singers still alive, Lightnin' is by all odds the best. Like the most powerful of his predecessors, he makes up his own songs, and can improvise a tune and lyrics simultaneously. His subjects are those long common to the blues—women, whiskey, prison, death, and wandering. When there is social commentary, it is not a New York *Post* editorial but comes out of a particular place and time in Lightnin's experience, as in his memory of the bitter seasons when he was hired out to a Mr. Moore, a landowner with property north of Dallas:

"You know I got a telegram this morning.
It say your wife is dead.
I showed it to Mr. Moore. He says,
Go ahead, nigger, you know you gotta plow a ridge.
That white man said it's been rainin'.
Yes sir, I'm way behind.
Yes sir. I'm way behind.
I may let you bury that woman
On your dinner time."

Lightnin' farmed for some years before he acquired the confidence to try to make a living out of the blues. Born in Leon County between Houston and Dallas, he started making music when he was a child. "I was eight or before, and my family come in from chopping cotton and plowing in the fields and they find me sitting down in the middle of the floor playing that guitar. Right then I had it in my heart that I could play it."

When he finally moved to the city, Lightnin' at first supplemented his precarious income from music by running policy slips, taking charge

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of a gambling room, and "maybe even had a few money women on the line." He sang in the streets, waiting for a call to go into a bar, perform, and pass the hat. "I'd get on busses too. Bus drivers used to stop and say, 'Get on, boy.' Wouldn't cost me nothing, and I'd pick up some change."

Lightnin' began recording in 1946, and gave up some of his extramusical activities. He picked up his nickname when he went that year to Los Angeles to record with a Texas pianist named "Thunder" Smith. Lightnin' made some two hundred records in the next eleven or twelve years, and some were hits. A few of them are still worth collecting, but most of his performances were tastelessly gimmicked by the record companies to conform to what was selling.

In the late 1950's, Lightnin' was hardly recording at all any more. Even with the heavily amplified guitar he was told to use in record sessions and the crudely battering accompaniment, his records didn't sell. He moved from furnished room to furnished room, staying as close as he could to Dowling Street, center of the action in Houston's Negro business section. At times money was scarce and it was hard to pick up enough for rent, food, and whiskey. But he was at home, and there were stretches of regular work at dances. Lightnin' didn't prosper, but there was always a way for him to stay alive in a neighborhood he knew so well.

As his commercial recording sessions dwindled, Lightnin' seemed certain to end his life in Houston, working on the streets and at dances. A couple of years ago, however, two writers sought him out. One was Sam Charters, who recorded Lightnin' for Folkways and devoted a chapter to him in his book *The Country Blues* (Rinehart). The other was Mack McCormick, who recorded two Lightnin' albums for Tradition, and encouraged him to try a part-time concert career in view of a sudden rise of interest in classic blues.

THOSE FIRST THREE LPs present the full expressive range of Lightnin' as singer and blues writer. For once, he was allowed to record all by himself. He wasn't limited by commercial considerations in his choice of repertory, he played the unamplified guitar he prefers, and the conditions for recording were much warmer and more informal than the cold studio briskness to which he had been accustomed. The albums—*Lightnin' Hopkins* (Folkways FS 3822), *Country Blues* (Tradition TLP 1035), and *Autobiography in Blues* (Tradition TLP 1040)—contain bitterly lonely prison songs, infectious party invitations, stories of the gambling life, exasperated work songs, spoken reminiscences, an oddly unsentimental but touching report of a child trying to get his parents to stop their fighting, and Lightnin's best-known song among Negroes, *Short Haired Woman*.

Following the long-play records, invitations came for Lightnin' to play in folk-song concerts before predominantly white audiences. Lightnin' was reluctant, and was especially disinclined to leave Houston for the concert route. "Here in Houston I can be broke and hungry and walk out and someone will buy me a dinner. It ain't always like that in a strange place."

But there was money in the concerts, and so he tried a few near home. The first was given in July, 1959, at a hootenanny in the Alley Theatre in Houston. To his surprise the audience responded enthusiastically, particularly to his lighter material.

In describing an appearance by Lightnin' at the Alley Theatre last May, Mack McCormick, Lightnin's personal historian, has observed: "It is very, very difficult for him to sing seriously of sorrows or tragedies to a group of strange white people. He prefers to pluck for the easiest response, to make them laugh. On several of these shows he threw away songs such as 'Penitentiary Blues' with a leer or a comic gesture. One night he actually got a laugh with the line 'One kind favor I ask of you, please see that my grave is kept clean.'"

The song was originally created by Blind Lemon Jefferson, who came from the same part of Texas and whom Lightnin' first saw many decades ago as a "great big fat dark man with a big stomach" playing at a Baptist picnic. "Lemon showed me some things on the guitar," Lightnin' recalls, "and then hollered at me, 'Boy, you better play it right.' We played together that day and I never forgot it. And I just come up to be one of those people myself, and now I'm an old man."

Lightnin' did finally gather courage to leave Houston and went to California last July for a concert at the University of California in Berkeley. Again, he didn't sing the darker and more painful parts of his repertory and worked instead on getting the quickest and most predictable response from the white audience by concentrating on bawdy songs, tales of fickle women, and general clowning. "Lightnin' figures that white audiences never have experienced the hard blues he knows," a friend has pointed out. "He's got a leg scar, among other memories, from the chain gang. He doesn't think they'll understand what he's talking about, and I must say most of those 'folk' audiences encourage him in that belief. To them, he's an 'exotic.' And so he only gives them a small part of himself."

THERE WAS some apprehension among Lightnin's friends in Houston when bookings were finally arranged for him in New York this fall. He had been in the city briefly a few years before to record, but these would be his first big-time concert and night-club appearances in the North. A college tour was also arranged, and even a television appearance on *A Pattern of Words and Music*, one of the CBS-TV Television Workshop series. "This is going to be a lyrical entertainment," a producer told Lightnin', "a show that will please the eye and be meaningful to the heart and head. It won't have a dramatic form as such, but will increase in intensity as we weave the various elements into an hour."

"Uh-huh," said Lightnin' uncomprehendingly. "How many minutes do you want me to do?"

His official debut was to be at a hootenanny in Carnegie Hall October 14. A list of suggestions concerning repertory and the care and handling of Lightnin' was sent from Houston to the New York promoter in charge of his appearances. After listing the songs and stories Lightnin' tells most graphically, the tip sheet

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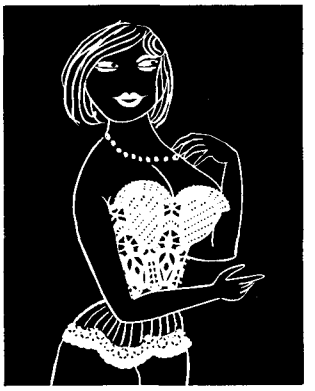

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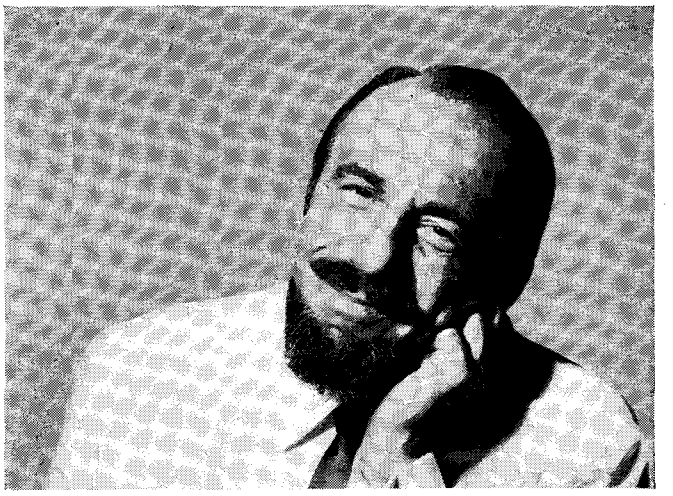

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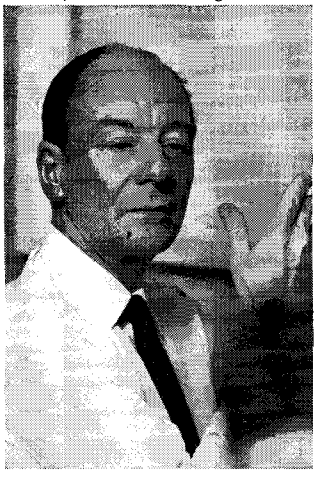

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ended with a stage direction unique to the New York concert scene: "Lightnin' does drink quite a bit but understands that he is at his best when he holds off and does not drink himself to the point that he becomes sloppy. When he is waiting to go on, it is best to discourage his drinking except in small bits and then encourage him to have a large slug before he goes on."

As at most "folk" events, the audience was predominantly young, very young. They looked like—and some were—the intense questioners at meetings of the Young Peoples Socialist League and the Saturday picketers of Woolworth's. The folk music they prefer consists largely of ballads and novelty songs they've learned from records by Pete Seeger and the Weavers. They are most moved by traditional songs with new lyrics that condemn Jim Crow and the Bomb.

The Carnegie Hall crowd reacted most eagerly to Seeger and a twenty-three-year-old Negro from Detroit, Bill McAdoo, who had majored in history and English at the University of Michigan. The exuberant work song "Jumping Judy" has been recast by McAdoo as "I Don't Want to Have a War" ("I will never drop that bomb, and blow this world to Hell"). There is little music and less imagination in McAdoo, but his slogans are correct. The youngsters cheered him, and roared for more.

Lightnin' came on stage wearing his habitual dark glasses and, as always when he works, a towel around his neck. ("It gets hot down in Houston.") He was the only real folk singer on the program as distinguished from singers who "interpret" folk material. He made some contact with the audience, again avoiding his harshest songs and focusing instead on women, those lost and those invited back. The applause was loud but dutiful.

Lightnin' took his place among the other performers on stage and listened politely while another performer delivered a singing editorial on the death of Caryl Chessman. Wisely, Lightnin' had decided to keep "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" to himself. «»

Strangers in Flanders

HILTON KRAMER

THE CIVILIZATION of fifteenth-century Flanders is not one for which we feel an instinctive affinity. Whereas the achievements of the early Italian Renaissance and of Elizabethan England may echo in the mind as the very stuff of which the modern world is made, the great age of Flemish culture evokes, for most of us, no comparable mental picture. The paintings of Jan van Eyck or Hans Memling or Rogier van der Weyden that we happen to see in our travels abroad or in our own museums may dazzle us with their technical perfection, their precision and verisimilitude, but they do not strike us as having an immediate relation to any concept of art we now enjoy as an unquestioned habit of mind. On the contrary, the almost unbelievable virtuosity of Flemish craftsmanship is more likely to be an obstacle than an attraction to eyes nourished on the art of the last hundred years.

Since the advent of Impressionism we have grown used to the kind of art that dispenses with finical methods of execution as a mark of superior expressive powers. The probity of modern art consists in its having narrowed to a radical degree the technical distance that formerly separated intention from realization, and this places it at the farthest possible remove from an art like the Flemish masters', which almost made a science of precisely those elements we no longer regard as indispensable in our appreciation of pictorial art. Though it commands our respect as an unrivaled feat of the hand and the mind, Flemish painting has proved incapable of gaining a foothold in contemporary sensibility. Neither the art scholars nor the best of our living painters have given it the kind of attention that would have brought it closer to us. No poet or novelist has produced a book of impressions, interpretation, or travel that would have conferred on it an air of romance or historical glamour. We come to Flemish art as strangers.

ANY SERIOUS EXPOSITION of the Flemish school is thus handicapped at the start, and it may be for this reason that a major showing of the Flemish masters is seldom attempted. It is one of the great achievements of the exhibition of "Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Van Eyck to Bosch," currently at the Detroit Institute of Arts, that it confronts this handicap with boldness. It establishes at the outset a workable and affecting basis for a more knowledgeable and intense response than one would have thought possible. This exhibition, which has been organized jointly by the Detroit Institute of Arts and the city of Bruges, is surely the most important museum event of the year—and of many a year. It was shown in the Communal Museum of Bruges during the summer months, to the delectation of thousands of visitors to Belgium, and it remains on view in Detroit until the end of December. It includes an astonishing number of rare treasures: in addition to bringing together the most comprehensive exhibition of Flemish painting in more than half a century, the show includes superb examples of sculpture, drawing, tapestry, gold and metal work, illuminated manuscripts, and historical documents of the period. It is not only a great age of painting that we are shown in Detroit, but a whole civilization: that devout but curiously earthbound civilization which centered on the commercial world of Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels in the fifteenth century. In the end it is this whole panorama of a rich and creative culture that renders its brightest jewel—the masterworks of Flemish painting—both more comprehensible and somehow closer in spirit.

In many period exhibitions, which mingle furniture and crafts together with objects of fine art, one sooner or later feels the need to be done with the decorative setting in order to gain a clear view of the painting and sculpture. Period settings make an appeal to our interest in history and social custom; to the modern eye that has grown used to regarding plastic art as something apart from

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Last call for Christmas!

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 21

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
200 12 83 172 56 Letter.

B
192 46 103 26 36 204 143
French forest made famous in World War I.

C
20 222 81 34 122 147 131
"Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace, /Blind to _____ on his turret." Browning, "One Word More."

D
16 125 32 190 Females.

E
24 114 117 212
Author of A Death in the Family.

F
4 28 93 101 174 194 202
Name of family in well-known novel by Jan Struther.

G
95 152 135 79 22 Mule (rare variant).

H
134 208 112 164 48 Quick.

I
54 44 91 85 176 186 104
A counter-thrust.

J
60 145 14 133 206 87 217
Said of rocks eroded by ocean action (3,4).

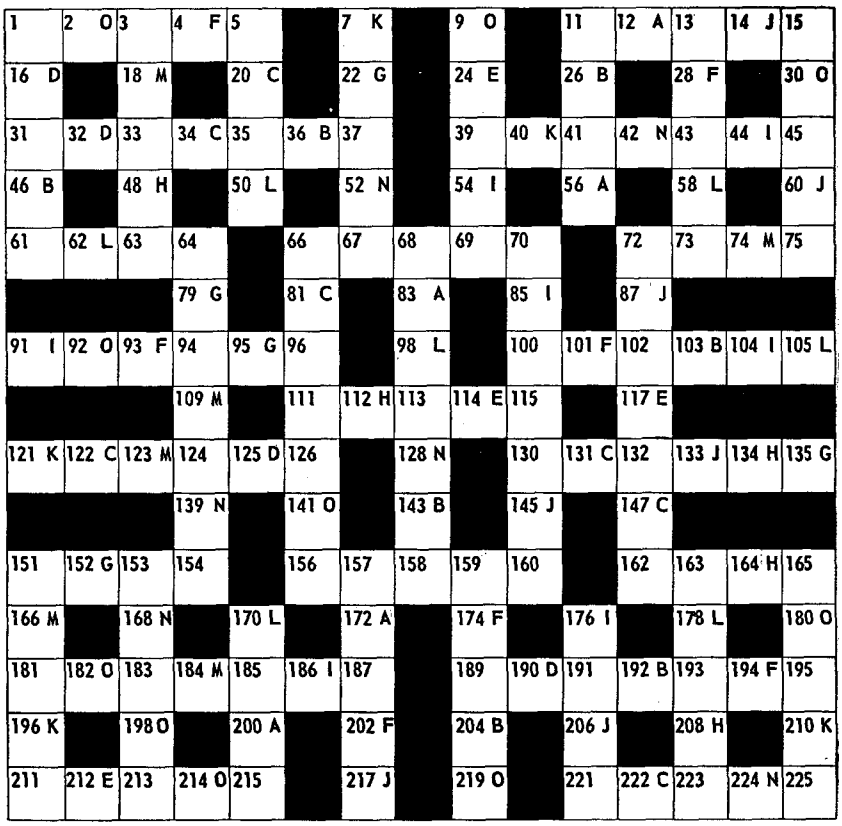
K
196 40 7 121 210
First president of the Turkish Republic.

L
170 98 50 58 62 105 178 Religion.

M
184 109 123 166 18 74
Manifesto of 1854 recommending U.S. purchase of Cuba.

N
52 168 42 224 128 139
To move or act in a lazy way.

O
180 30 219 92 9 2 141 198 182 214
State of aloofness.



ACROSS

1. It's a pity when a bad actor is caught between two points.
11. An adhesive pattern is laced up.
31. Dian is in a state!
39. What type rug I ask is in an Italian city?
61. An affectionate contact may be found among the crack Issei.
66. But Spica is a star, not a jelly!
72. Associate of Nelson found in a tall order.
91. Pan-American but not nicer cut.
100. Dirges may lend themselves to a washboard effect.
111. To Crosby with love of a game.
121. Are you late? Ah, better than never, Miss Gibson!
130. Worn? Ay, but still a vital land.
151. Adamant soldiers of 153 down?
156. Donkey has eaten, said the old prospector, to his credit.
162. The leading lady is avid about her role.
181. Tour about in the east and northeast on the way. (2,5)
189. River about to swallow caps but they got away.
211. International organization runs not to senators. (abbr.)
221. Mad Anthony is on the skids, I hear.

DOWN

1. We may establish irksome duties which we have to evade.
3. Danes may climb mountains.
5. Aged by the lord!
7. Males eat them.
9. Capriciously conceals the site of the Blue Grotto.
11. Copperfield lady is now known as stupid.
13. Riga Sea may go up in smoke.
15. Peer's mother is after the French rental.
64. The lass she cuts to the quick.
66. Triple A balm for the first state.
68. Dives in plus England.
70. One in court may wear a crown, but not you.
72. The Red Admiral in 72 across is commanded.
151. A free steak is no feat when it smells to heaven.
153. No rake but an eastern land.
157. Severe after part.
159. Happening in even the best families.
163. One member of parliament? Why 50 may hint at it!
165. Add the French and mix thoroughly.
170. Judicious to Nan is not insouciant, leads to hand-to-hand combat.
176. Cows may be in a clumsy boat.

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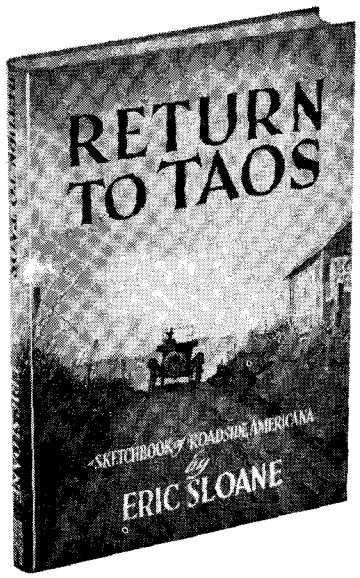

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IF TEA LEAVES WON'T TELL WHAT YOUR FRIENDS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS . . . TURN TO PAGE 67

the main stream of practical culture, there seems to be no necessary relation between the making of useful objects and the pure artistic vision. But there is something so truly arresting in the presentation of the Flemish objects at Detroit that one feels unable to respond in the normal modern way without violating the spirit of the exhibition and of the period it expounds with such clarity and force. Far from being an irrelevance or a diversion, the decorative objects are actually in some cases one's best introduction to the aesthetic mentality of the time.

IN PART this is due to the extraordinary felicity of the show's presentation, abounding in intimate corners and gracious juxtapositions, but on a more important level it goes to the very heart of the Flemish achievement. The consummate artistry of a gold reliquary, the workmanship and intellectual finesse in the embroidery of a chasuble, are not things apart from the temper and craft of the great painters. On the contrary, they state very exactly and explicitly the premises of Flemish painting: its worldly materialism and extravagance on the one hand, and its loyalty to medieval traditions on the other. It has often been remarked that Flemish painting is an art in which nothing is left unsaid. A few square inches of painted surface that in a Titian or a Tintoretto (no less than in a Picasso or a Miró) would be given over to the sweep of a loaded brush are occupied, in a typical work of the Flemish school, with the most exact pictorial details. Encountering this painstaking style in the work of craftsmen, one is all the more prepared to cope with the great art of the painters whose works —unlike their modern counterparts— represent a difference of aesthetic degree but not of kind.

The stunning fact about Flemish painting is that it comes into full flower without preliminaries or false starts. We have to lean a little on the decorative objects to keep our balance in the face of it. Suddenly history takes a turn, and we are in the presence of a fully matured vision and technique. It was the Flemish painters who originated the use of the oil medium in easel painting, and thus set into motion the practice that was to dominate European art for five hundred years. Though it clearly derives from the tradition of the medieval miniature, and its allegorical content underlines its loyalty to the mystical faith of the Middle Ages, the naturalism and drama of its scenes of earthly life clearly mark it as a breakthrough to the modern world. Moreover, in the hands of such artists as Jan van Eyck, Rogier van der Weyden, Dierik Bouts, Hans Memling, Hugo van der Goes, and the anonymous painter known as the Master of Flémalle, oil painting achieved not only its first great expression but also a level and intensity of expression rarely equaled in its subsequent history.

IT IS an expression that can bring delight and interest on almost any level of curiosity. Its color is incredibly lovely and jewel-like; its pictorial drama is intricate and full of incident; its draftsmanship is awesome in its exact renderings. Above all, its scale is—like many of its subjects—a human and earthly scale; despite its iconographic complexities, it is an art of this world. The question that Flemish painting leaves in the modern mind is whether it tries to do too much. It is the question first raised by no less a critic than Michelangelo when he charged, "This art is without power and without distinction; it aims at rendering minutely many things at the same time, of which a single one would have sufficed to call forth a man's whole application." But in coming to the Flemish masters at a greater distance in time and after so many things have been eliminated from the art of painting, we may not ourselves be so ready to condemn its immense and difficult accomplishments. It may, in fact, leave use with a bad conscience about modernism itself.

In any event, we can only be grateful for the scope and seriousness of the Detroit exhibition, which is itself a masterpiece of museum enterprise. Dr. E. P. Richardson, the scholarly director of the Institute of Arts, has carried out every detail of the affair, from the selection of the individual objects to the preparation of the enormous and definitive catalogue, with a painstaking discrimination that is itself almost as rare as the art he has brought us.

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BOOKS

It's Quicker to Walk

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

THE WORLD OF VENICE, by James Morris. *Pantheon. $5.*

The only proper way to know Venice is to live there and row a boat, pushing your *sandolo* out to Saint-George-in-the-Seaweed or prodding it through the less frequented canals, luminous and grimy, softly stinking with the fall of the tide. Poor old Baron Corvo did it this way, writing about the city better than anyone had done before; and James Morris has done it that way too.

If you can't live in Venice and you can't row, the next best thing is to spend a month to six weeks at a stretch there, and walk. From the Molo to Rialto takes about twenty-five minutes in the vaporetto; you can walk it in seven minutes flat.

The World of Venice is the best single work on the subject by miles. It has the merit of being both extremely thorough and alluringly discursive. Everything the visitor needs is there, plus innumerable pieces of information he doesn't exactly need but will be more joyful for having.

It is a curious fact that Venice, while appearing to call for the purple passage or the arty-lofty treatment, responds with some surliness to both. The overtones of Venetian life are far from romantic; this is a nation of business people today as it was in the past, only the business has shrunk. It is not without interest that a British ambassador (Charles I's), thinking he detected signs of trouble at home, safeguarded himself by opening a very successful butchery.

MR. MORRIS is ideally equipped for dealing with such a nation—it strikes one as a nation still. It is no good loving only the Venice of the fine sights and the clear air, no good coming home and saying, with disapproval, "But it smells." It only smells sometimes, and in certain places, as under the Sottoportico Cavalletto, where the Italian Methodists still sing good old English hymns in Italian; and when it does smell, you must like it to smell. I know, returning to Bruges in 1938 after a year or so, how upset I was to find that the fish market had been deodorized.

Rosy marbles, shivering gold, Tintoretto, Giorgione (the women "wildly Giorgione," as Saint-Loup remarked of Baroness Putbus's maid), Carpaccio, Canaletto, Guardi; violent and violet sunsets over the Lagoon; also rats, squalor in the back yard, floating refuse, famished and rickety kittens, the syphilitic crumbling of stone. The whole of Venice.

It is significant that Mr. Morris has chosen many illustrations of a good, functional, hard-headed Venetian nature: eight aerial photographs, for example, which are so excellent and so practical that an intelligent walker could find his way back from the Arsenal to the Piazza by the light of them.

"You may also be drunk in Venice, oddly enough, without antagonizing the town," Mr. Morris says in one of his asides. I concur. I remember being there one night when the fleet was in. In the *campo* by the Morosini palace, a sailor was so helplessly drunk that it touched the heart, as it is touched by the helplessness of infancy. He sprawled over a café table, his eyes turned up in an innocent appeal. He didn't know much, but he did know he had got to be back to his ship in thirty minutes. Two of his comrades were urging this point. He understood, but he could not act on the information. Surely, said those dying eyes, there is some bow or braid or brace, lace, latch or catch, some golden pill, to keep me, ah keep me, from vanishing away?

I have never seen café proprietor or waiters work so hard in a brotherly cause. The sailor was drenched with black coffee. He was walked up and down. All means of polemical approach were tried; he was loved, he was hated, he was tenderly embraced, he was shaken till his teeth rattled. Not, mark you, because the café staff found his presence embarrassing. They were simply trying to help. I don't know whether they ever got him to his feet. I couldn't wait.

The World of Venice is full of details others have denied us. We all know "what it costs us"; here we learn what it costs *them*. How the Venetians live when foreign attention is directed elsewhere. What they think of us. What they hope for. What they merely expect. This is the work of a splendid journalist who hasn't simply found out about something but knows it in his bones. Read it and you feel a thirsty stimulation of all the juices of curiosity, as you feel it on the bright morning of an uncharted day, or before the challenge of an enticing job which probably can't be achieved to perfection but which just might.

OF COURSE I have a few points of criticism, but they are finicky ones. I think Mr. Morris is rather rough on Venetian food. It is not of the magnificence of Bologna or Modena, but a *petto di tacchino con tartuffi bianchi* at the Taverna la Fenice (where fish and fruit are piled up in a centerpiece which could certainly be described as "wildly Giorgione," if Giorgione had shown any interest in food) is not to be sneezed at.

Also, I think he is not entirely sound on the question of cats. I believe the Venetians preserve those starved, mangy, blind kittens that blunder and scrabble all over the more obscure *calli*, not because they love them but because it is considered bad luck to kill a cat. Venice, he says, has few fat specimens. He cannot have known Fufi, the terrible, sad, fat cat of the Taverna, with hot boiled eyes, who became so bulky through gross overfeeding that he had at last to be borne on a chair, as in a palanquin, to the customer whose whimsy it was to stuff him still further with *scampi* and steak. Fufi was in grotesque contrast to those furtive skeletons sucking up spaghetti from the steps of San Fantin, a bare fifty yards away. He died in 1951, of fatty degeneration of the heart.

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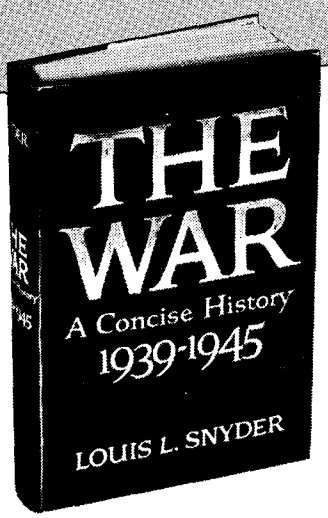

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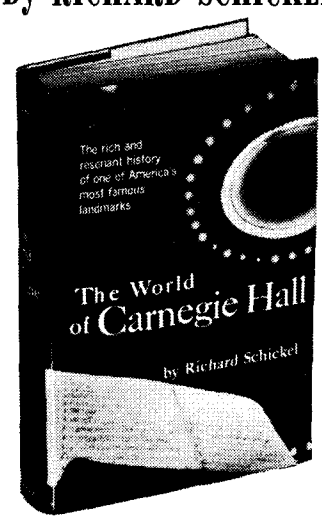

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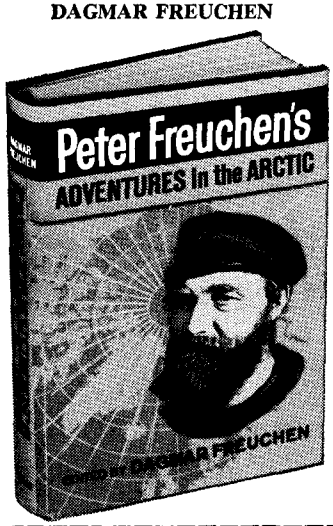

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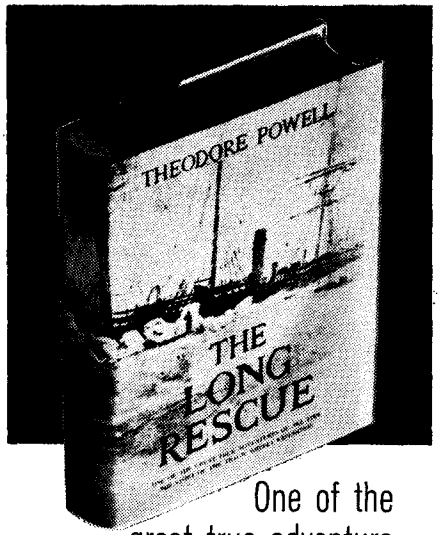

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Music the Money Makes

ALFRED KAZIN

SALOON SOCIETY, by Bill Manville; photographs by David Attie, design by Alexey Brodovitch. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.*

Bill Manville, who writes a column for the *Village Voice,* is an acute if perhaps too glibly rueful observer whose subject is New or Upper Bohemia. Whatever Greenwich Village may once have been or may now be supposed to have been, anyone who has recently strayed down MacDougal Street on a Saturday night knows that now it is a playground. What Coney Island was once to the honest workingman, Greenwich Village is now to the unmarried or ex-married young professional. The Village streets, pads, coffee houses, and bars are jammed with people who look a million times more sensitive, artistic, and "interesting" than William Faulkner or Igor Stravinsky, but who live by teaching economics, analyzing public opinion, writing advertising copy, practicing psychoanalysis, or "doing research" for political candidates. They are not intellectuals, but occasionally dream that they will be. That is their secret ambition. Meanwhile, being young and frisky, they are not yet the "managers" in our highly organized technical society. But they have the skills some day to become managers. Just now they don't want power any more than they want marriage. They want a good time, and a good time is what they go to the Village for, and a good time in the Village is what they get. The LeRoy Street Saloon, Chumley's, the San Remo, the White Horse Tavern, the Kettle, Minetta, O. Henry's, Louis's, the Riviera, Julius's, the Casa Allegra, El Faro. . . .

What I like most about Bill Manville's reports of conversations in these places is his honesty. He is aware of himself and his friends as the genuinely new fact the young always are, and he has the intelligence to notice what they want and what they miss. Maybe "honesty" in a writer is only a form that intelligence takes—perhaps this is why supposed rebels like the "beats" write so badly. But the vital difference is that the beat writers tend, on their own testimony, to be victims of mother and yearners after sex, and so write about sex as if it were the revolution. Manville's people are far more worldly than that. What the traveling salesman was once vis-à-vis the rural areas, these charming lechers and morning drinkers are now to all the humdrum and respectable marrieds in the suburbs.

The lines are carefully drawn: "Married and unmarried people should never mix. You can't be sentimental about these things; when your friends marry, you have to drop them, and they have to drop you." The same character says honestly, "God, I hate rentpayers, taxpayers, husbands, fathers, citizens, voters. I hate the New York *Times,* the Bronx, apple pie, motherhood, the forty-hour week, the Beat Generation, and Shirley Temple!" These are people who need just to support themselves and to pay the analyst, people (as Manville doesn't say) whose technical skills are automatic enough to leave them mentally free. They haven't moved to the Village because it's cheaper. But the blunt and concentrated pursuit of pleasure is still a vaguely subversive way of life in America. It is this that gives Manville's people their gallantry, charm, sauciness—and that touch of *tristesse* which Manville exploits like a musician sneaking in a few bars of Brahms.

BUT FIRST things first. Manville has caught the delicious, the delirious, the whirligig music that money makes for so many people in New York just now. Here, at last, is a paean to good living by Greenwich Village as she is, not as she was when Edna St. Vincent Millay and Joe Gould burned their manuscripts to keep warm. "The cocktails came, so cold the gin smoked off the ice. Salad and steak, asparagus tender as love itself. Two kinds of wine cooled beside the table in silver ice buckets." On the wings of such food, sex follows swiftly. A young man named Phil confesses, "Wherever I go, I see magnificent women hurrying into saloons, stores, hotels, theaters,

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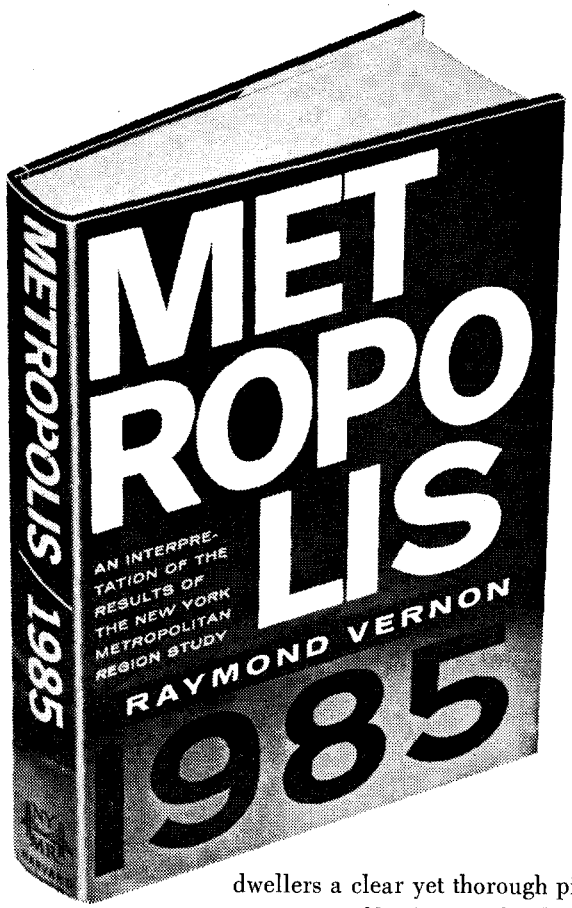

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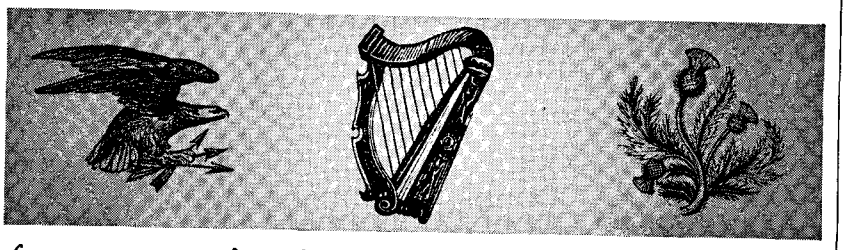

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women so wonderful, so beautiful, so radiant and distant in their brilliance, they make me want to yell: 'Stop, stop, I don't want to lose you!' "

That is downtown today, and even when it laughs at uptown in the person of a brazenly cynical millionaire out of a play by Bert Brecht or a movie by René Clair, it's hard to see what the difference is. Maybe it's that downtown always has uptown to laugh at. Here is a Villager describing the millionaire who arrives "a little late, more than a little loaded. He has the standard uptown animal with him—taller than him, blonde of course, a certain dead-head serenity, a mink tent, and a Southern accent. Vanner himself is wearing an apricot-colored shirt and a tie that instantly lowers real-estate values for two blocks around. He glitters and winks with sharp metallic lights, and in fact he's encrusted all over with little bits of metal; gold cuff links, gold ring on the finger, a gold pin at the collar, another on the tie. . . . He's the kind of man who laughs a lot, you hip?"

Manville has a sure sense of style in his own writing. Sometimes, to be sure, he introduces names that remind you of Damon Runyon—George Garn, Lou the Ladies' Man, Perlman Pace, Maggie Singleton, and Big Mary; occasionally his interjected meditations on the world at large have the sentimental bitterness that reminds you of the pompous Broadway columnist. The very showiness and anxious cleverness of his obiter dicta remind you just how bourgeois and unintellectual the world of modern professionals really is. And this, I sadly discovered, is not a book to be read twice; it is journalism, not literature. But it has the great virtue of journalism—it brings news, it really informs us. And what makes these clever yet sometimes merely wistful conversations come alive is the fanaticism of people today trying to make a world entirely out of pleasure.

The "normal" world, the armed, busy, and political world, impinges so heavily that one has to blot it out to get a little privacy. But privacy is not enjoyable any more if it's experienced *alone;* hence the party in our age of the party—the party that starts Saturday morning ("Don't

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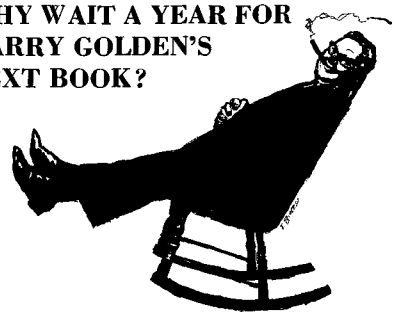

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tell me about early in the morning, we'll pull the shades. We'll wear dark glasses.") and that ends, really, never. Everything builds up and builds up all the time. The only question is the one Lou Manx discovered in his own mind when he fell ecstatically in love, and was ecstatically happy. "Then I thought: 'Is this all I will ever feel in my life? Is there nothing left now but the long, slow, peaceful walk, hand in hand, to the grave?' So I broke up with her. Love is not enough."

All Is Vanity

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

VANITY FAIR: A CAVALCADE OF THE 1920s AND 1930s. Edited by Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee. *Viking. $10.*

This collection of photographs and text from old issues of *Vanity Fair* is not truly a book; it is what is called a "publishing idea." And it is extremely depressing. To leave it around the house, to dip into it, arouses the acutest melancholy. I think of those young men one sees in the cities, with their faces marked by an irredeemable poverty, their bitten nails, their sallow cheeks, their narrow-shouldered desolation—all dressed out in some fantastic costume based on a pathetic, pre-shrunk, nylon dream of "elegant Edwardianism." The romance of old clothes, the utter, utter dullness of old fads and jokes, the nostalgia for the lost hair-do and the forgotten shoe shape, the great in small poses and the small in great poses, the absurd questionnaire, the silly editorial idea—the general insignificance of *Vanity Fair* has been brought out with devastating thoroughness in this "cavalcade" selection. Even if, as seems likely, Cleveland Amory and Frederic Bradlee have chosen just about the worst, the few choices one could find that are better would not be very good and their appearance in *Vanity Fair* would have been fortuitous.

No one expects anything from the popular magazines of general national circulation. But there has always been the hope, even the belief, that smartness, chicness, richness could unite themselves with a measure of genuine importance or, at the least, with truly good taste. But this is only a hope, a wish based upon boredom with the demands of culture and art, a need to dignify the trifling because it is preferred. All one could say was that fashionable magazines have had considerable skill in disguise and masquerade. Yet even that, in the case of this collection, is less than one imagined. It is all transparent and gauzy.

The most reassuring thing about this selection is that the writers have had the last laugh. In most instances they shamelessly palmed off their briefest jottings, their most casual, undeveloped thoughts, on *Vanity Fair*. For their fees they gave the least of themselves, made hardly any effort at all. And who can doubt that this is just as editor Frank Crowninshield would have had it? Crowninshield, a noted diner-outer, liked his lions but didn't want to hear them roar. His editorial flair and stamp consisted largely in avoiding what people are good at, what they are deep in, and getting them to write something on a remote, and trivial, and above all brief, brief topic. (He thinks of Joseph Choate for a mild little reminiscence of De Wolf Hopper and not for some ideas of general interest about the law.)

Much is made of this strange habit. At every point *Vanity Fair* is unwittingly a sort of never-ending "Impossible Interview"—another of Crowninshield's editorial ideas. (Rockefeller vs. Stalin; Garbo vs. Coolidge.) Celebrities in bed; Gandhi, Gene Tunney, *et al.*, holding their chins in the manner of Rodin's "Thinker"; the heads of famous people (Dreiser and Shaw) placed on pictures of little bodies on scooters, in short pants; the honoring of great artists for insignificant accomplishments and characteristics. There it is, tirelessly.

The natural corruptness of *Vanity Fair*, the elemental worm, lies in its overwhelming use of the photograph. Here the magazine and Crowninshield make their real contribution to the American scene. And Crowninshield went a little further. He filled his magazine with photographs and he also treated the text as if it were another photograph—a snapshot of the celebrated, clever author,

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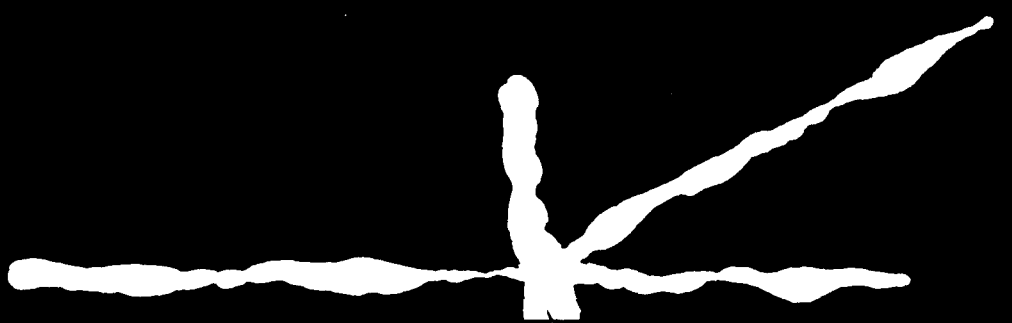

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rather than a piece of composition. A written offering is more than anything else a mere picture of the name, in print, of the author. Fashion and smart magazines have continued to follow this lead. The cult of the "marvelous" photograph—how naturally this passion gains momentum and prestige in the TV age.

André Malraux, writing about the photographic reproduction of paintings and sculpture, tells of the dangers in the cult of the "marvelous" photograph: "Thus the angle from which a work of sculpture is photographed, the focusing and, above all, skillfully adjusted lighting may strongly accentuate something the sculptor merely hinted at. Then, again, photography imparts a family likeness to objects that have but slight affinity. . . . There is another, more insidious, effect of reproduction. In an album or art book the illustrations tend to be much the same size. Thus works of art lose their relative proportions; a miniature bulks as large as a full-size picture. . . ." The extensive use of photography in magazines always degrades the text. It leaves in the end a strange, giddy sensation of things large and small, like and unlike, bright and dim, brought together without meaning. It gives the reader a command, like a policeman's whistle, to move on, rapidly, taking a mere glance. For it is almost physically impossible to linger over a magazine photograph; you push on to the next dress, next face, next amusement, helplessly.

Current celebrity photography takes hours and hours and dollars and dollars for what the most avid fan takes in in seconds. It has become more and more streamlined and impersonal. Creaminess, oddity, teasing angularity, false starkness in the cool, high cheekbones, false dignity in the haughty gaze, mystifying sleekness, false suggestions of torment and suffering. These photographs are turned out in astonishing numbers. Fashion models have become celebrities. (Surprising how many people are happy to know the names of these formerly anonymous faces.) Celebrities have become fashion models.

What do people think when they look at photographs in current magazines? To whom are these pictures addressed? Whatever charm the

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old photography had has been washed away by the flood of falsified, highlighted celebrity photography. Even the pictures of the poor and the distressed—the face in India, the hungry child—have become fashion-model faces of the tragic instance. The limpid eye, the deep, hopeless gaze, the "interestingly" distorted body—all rigid, as if posed, all "marvelous" and all shallow.

The haughty face looking down at the lumpy cheeks and misshapen jaw of the actual reader—is that the face of the model or the face of the successful photographer? Those arrogant eyes neither instruct nor terrify. Sometimes they shame and often they give a pleasant sort of pain, the pain of the sensually unattainable. If someone had reason to wish to know something about Gloria Vanderbilt, he could find out more from one paragraph of newsprint about her struggle with Stokowski over their children than from a hundred photographs by Richard Avedon. "She doesn't look a bit like her photographs!" the humble reader cries out as she runs into a photographed celebrity on Madison Avenue.

Who will buy the ten-dollar *Vanity Fair*? Perhaps a few thousand indefatigable lookers? No doubt the debauchee of the bony face and the creamy parted lip needs his history, his connection with an older tradition. For him *Vanity Fair* is a cultural investment, Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf of Books, an esteemed ancestor. Advertisements in their various forms and disguises appear to be the favorite literature and art of the upper classes and those who take an interest in them.

In a Rut

GEORGE STEINER

RABBIT, RUN, by John Updike. *Knopf. $4.00.*

Since the war, the *New Yorker* has brought forth two voices that are powerful and distinctly new: J. D. Salinger and John Updike. From the first, Updike struck a particular note: everything he signed, whether short poem or fiction, had style. And it

so frightened and pathetic

This is Elena, Italian, age 3½. Her father is dead. Her mother, ill and worn, cannot find work. With her own tired hands and with old pieces of wood and tin, she put together a pitiful shack. You can imagine how bitter cold it is in winter. Last year, Elena, trying to warm herself at their brazier went too close and fell in, painfully carbonizing her little left hand. Her mother writes: "She cried so very much that I promised myself that for the coming year my child would have warm clothes and a doll. Where can I find such things for my little one? How can I protect her and help her?" Won't you help little Elena or a child like her? Your help today means their hope for tomorrow.

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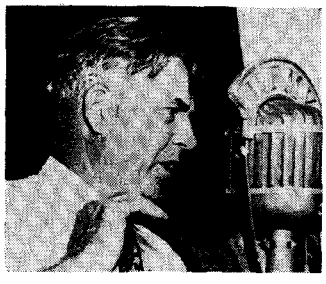

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was a style notably of the mid-fifties: nonchalant, cosmopolitan, faintly precious, faintly cruel, as if John Betjeman had been crossed with Maupassant. Updike stayed on the staff of the *New Yorker* only two years. In 1957 he struck out on his own. The things he had to say were too strong for the bland virtuosity of the *New Yorker* format. This was apparent from the opening page of *The Poorhouse Fair,* Updike's first novel. It is a cruel, glittering book in which an eccentric perspective and eccentric setting are given a wide-ranging implication by sheer force of narrative. It is one of the most interesting novels of the past ten years.

Rabbit, Run is a less original book. The germ of the fable—the man cornered by routine life and making a break for it—is as old as Hawthorne. And the circumstances of depression—the world of neon, bowling alleys, small-town sanctimony, and Pennsylvania grit—are the staples of contemporary fiction. Even the specific motifs of Updike's story have a faintly shopworn air: the ex-athlete unable to reconcile his former lithe glory to his present flabby state carries the mark of Fitzgerald, O'Hara, and Marquand; the blowzy, tippling wife and the small-town whore, coldly expert yet essentially humane, are stock figures.

Updike deliberately submits his own craft to two outside voices, Joyce and Nabokov. There are bits of interior monologue and sensuous evocation resonant of Joyce. And there are whole patches in which dialogue and narrative closely mirror the arch, coruscated grammar and off-centeredness of *Lolita.* Who before Humbert Humbert would have addressed a waiter in a shoddy Chinese restaurant as "our young Confucian" or mused, *apropos* of Wilmington, of "young Du Pont women: strings of them winding through huge glassy parties, potentially naked in their sequined sheath gowns"?

But despite its slightly conventional, "literary" quality, *Rabbit, Run* is a fascinating novel. It tells how Rabbit Angstrom, the one-time Achilles of the high-school basketball court, tries to speed out of his own life by merely driving south; it tells of his covert return and petty debaucheries; of his encounter with church and state; of the idiotic, tragic death of his newborn child; and of his final sprint for release. There are passages in which the language sings like a whiplash, bits of dialogue as deft and cruel as Congreve's, and sketches of landscape in which one literally chokes on the grime and tawdry waste of American industrial life. Even momentary beauty is marred by the prevalence of artifice: "The girls waiting under crimson neon have a floral delicacy; like a touch of wilt the red light rims their fluffy hair."

What will arouse most interest in *Rabbit, Run* is, of course, its unrelenting sexuality. Updike has, in certain specific details, gone further toward total sexual description than either *Ulysses* or *Lolita.* There is at least one stretch of inner monologue and one entire scene that would not previously have appeared over a normal trade imprint. And there is hardly a page across which sexual life and fantasy do not cast a slightly hysterical light. Rabbit Angstrom (whose very name is a witty amalgam of lubricity and *angst*) breathes sexuality as lesser men breathe air. All inflames his worried senses—a woman just risen from childbed no less than a cold tart.

UPDIKE'S PURPOSE is plain and has undoubted integrity. He sees in sexual life the only compensation, the only open terrain, left to human beings cornered in the soul-detergent inferno of American middle-class existence. It is in the harsh privacy of connubial night, or among the technical complaisances of whores, that Rabbits turn briefly to Eagles. What disturbs one is not the brutality or repetitiveness of Updike's descriptions. It is his lack of distance, his unwillingness to interpose between himself and his narrative any margin or irony. The whole novel is steeped in its own suffocating matter. That accounts for its peculiar intensity, but it is also a weakness. Lacking the grace of occasional detachment, *Rabbit, Run* moves unrelentingly on one plane of meaning. It drives home its bitter indictment of our joyless, nerve-frayed lives with tremendous directness. It gives no pause for breath or laughter. At the close, we too are desperately running for cover.

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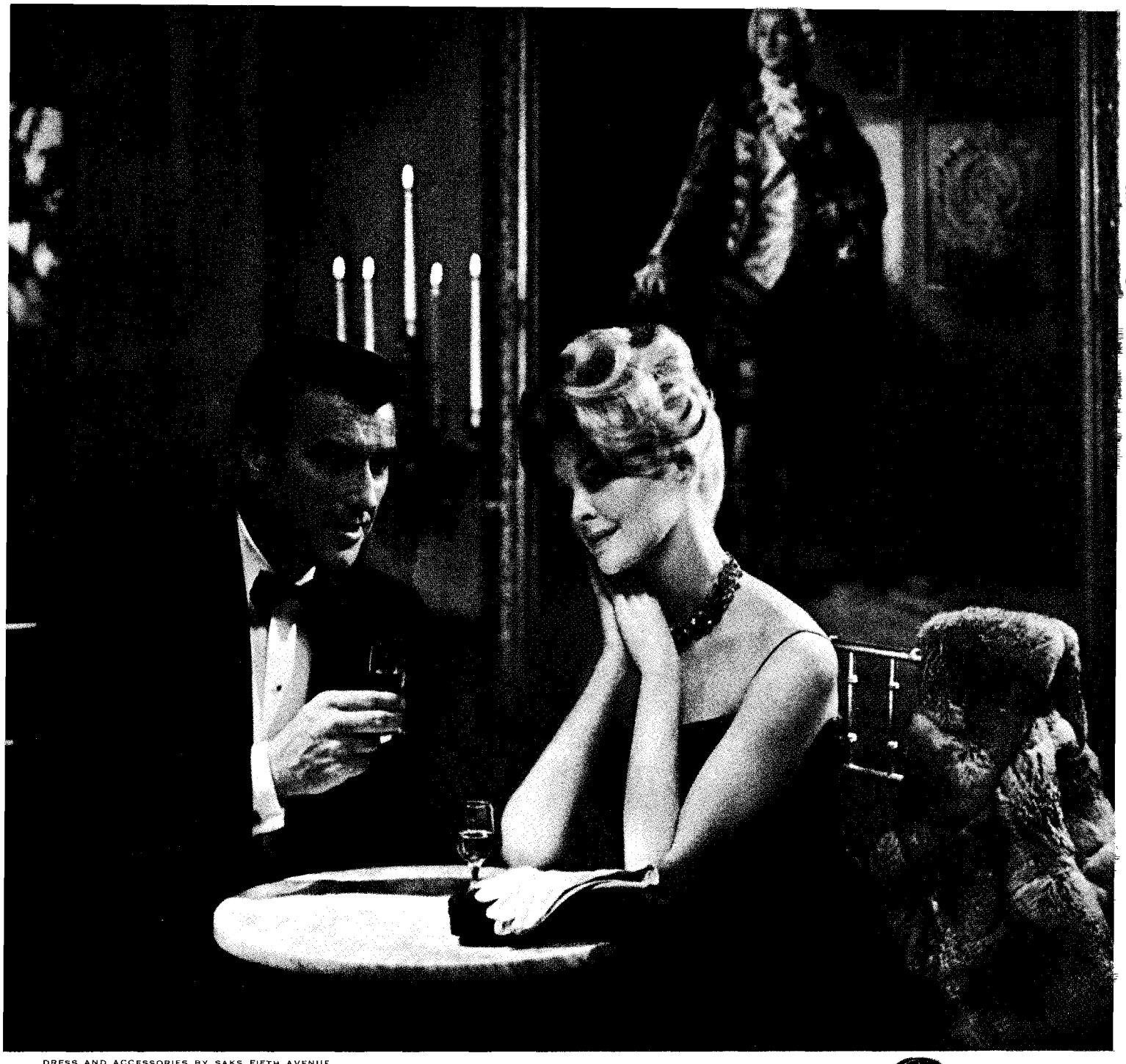

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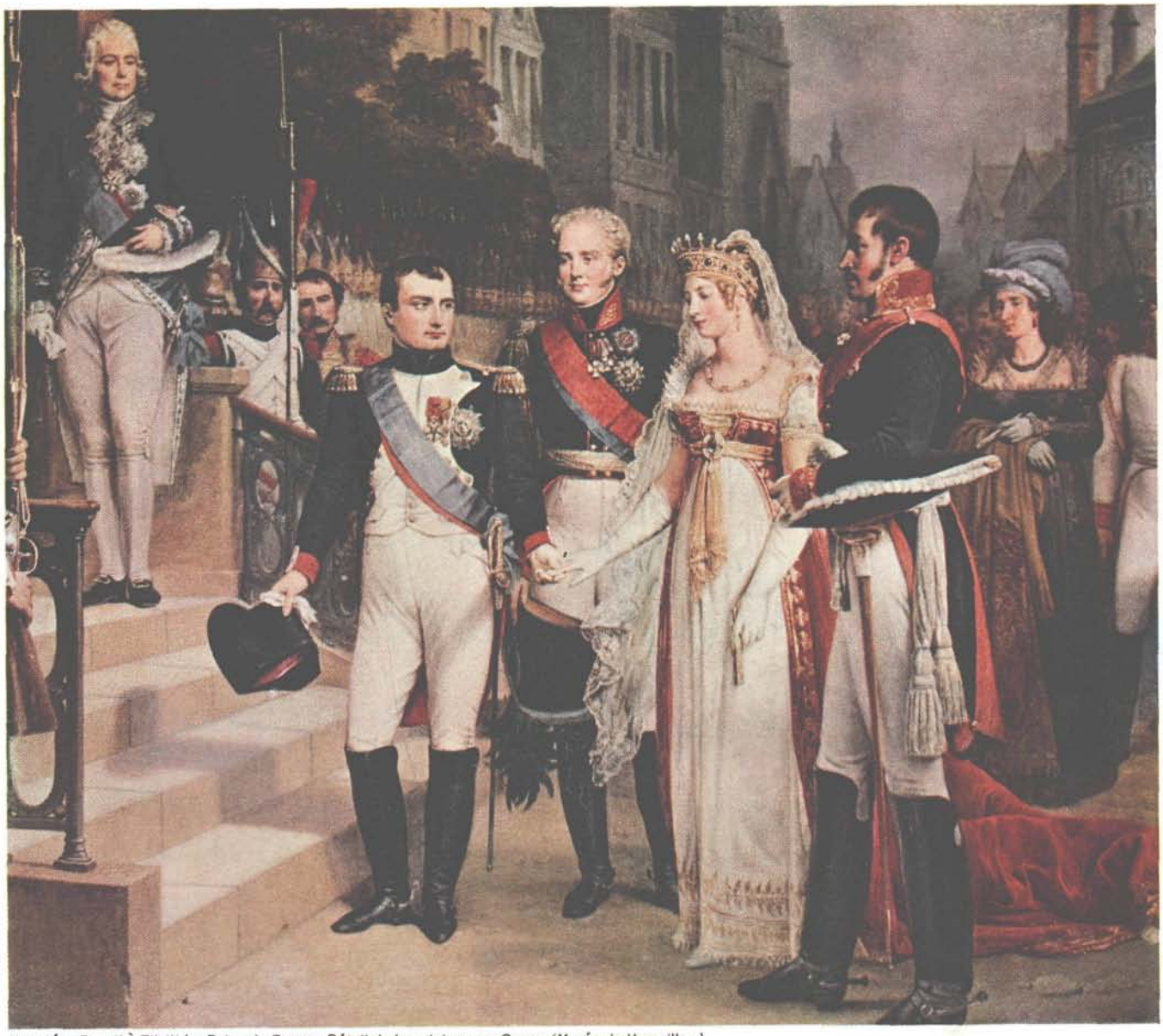

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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